

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,065



APRIL 26, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890

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JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

Topics of the Week

MR. PARNELL'S ALTERNATIVE SCHEME.—Very little impression has been produced by the objections urged by Mr. Parnell against Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill. The real difficulties he evaded, and the arguments he adduced were in some cases wholly and manifestly inconsistent with one another. He seems to have taken hardly any pains with the merely negative part of his speech. What he wished was to expound his own plan for the settlement of the Irish Land Question, and this he did carefully, although with less clearness than the House of Commons and the country had a right to expect on so great an occasion. For the leading provisions of his scheme a good deal might be said if they were presented as supplementary to the provisions of the Land Purchase Bill. Many landlords do not wish to sell their estates, and some tenants are not anxious, under existing circumstances, to buy their holdings. In such cases the State, when trying to solve the problem as a whole, might find it advantageous to make it worth the while of landlords to lower rents. Discontented peasants might, indeed, protest against the demand even for diminished payments; but if a large and growing class were satisfied by the Land Purchase Bill, it would be their interest to keep unruly neighbours in order. Mr. Parnell's proposals, if combined with Mr. Balfour's, might, therefore, be of real service; and some of them the Government may, perhaps, be induced to accept. But apart from the Land Purchase Bill the scheme of the Nationalist leader would be worse than useless. It would give landlords temporary relief, but in a very short time the outcry against the new rents would be not less bitter than that which is raised against the rents now exacted. Thus the old difficulty would be revived, and the work of Parliament would have to be done all over again. This is no doubt the true explanation of Mr. Parnell's policy. He does not want the Land Purchase Bill because it suits him to keep alive in Ireland a restless and rebellious spirit.

THE BUDGET RESOLUTIONS.—Mr. Goschen undoubtedly showed great cleverness in framing his Budget in such a manner as to disarm serious opposition. He conciliated the advocates of "a free breakfast table" by taking twopence off the sixpenny duty on tea; he pleased the temperance folks by clapping an additional sixpence a gallon on the spirit duty; and he conferred a substantial boon on the more struggling portion of the middle class by remitting a portion of that onerous direct tax, the Inhabited House Duty. We confess that we cannot feel much sympathy with the reduction of the tea-duty. Tea is an article of such universal consumption that the impost really amounts to a poll-tax, that is, a burden levied on the whole community; and, as the wage-earning classes, provided they abstain from the use of alcohol and tobacco, contribute practically nothing to the Imperial Exchequer, except in the matter of tea, it seems scarcely fair that one-third of their very moderate contribution should be thus frittered away. Yet, petty as the reduction appears, no less than a million and a-half of revenue is sacrificed by the operation. As for the corresponding benefit supposed to be conferred on the small consumer, Mr. Goschen might have learnt a lesson from the abolition of the City Coal Duty. In that case our statesmen on both sides of the House were silly enough to part with a valuable source of income, whose loss will have to be supplied by oppressive direct taxation, and nobody is a penny the better, save and except the coal-owners, the coal-merchants, and some of the big consumers. Much the same result will follow with tea. The reduction of the duty will bring inferior qualities into the market, and the poor, who buy very little at a time, will find that, although competition may slightly lower the price, the tea supplied will not be so good as when the duty was sixpence. It is rather hard, by the way, on the spirit-drinkers, to whose gallant exertions Mr. Goschen is chiefly indebted for his magnificent surplus, that they should be punished for their good deeds. Here, however, we have less cause to complain, because the extra sixpence a gallon will add a million to the revenue; but the consumers' brains and stomachs will probably suffer. The added tax is too small to admit of any raising of retail prices; and therefore dealers will be tempted to recoup themselves by the disposal of more immature spirit, charged with poisonous fusel-oil.

THE MAY LABOUR DEMONSTRATION.—Except in the almost universal inclination to strike for higher wages or shorter hours, the "solidarity of labour" does not appear to have made much progress. Even in such a comparatively small matter as the proposed international demonstration in May, disunion is more apparent than union. On the Continent the scheme includes a whole holiday on the 1st of May, with all manner of Socialistic accompaniments. But the British workman looks askance at the proposal, very sensibly perceiving little fun in losing a day's pay to hear the rights of man discussed from a universal destruction point of view. All the same he is going to have a grand demonstration of his own in Hyde Park on Sunday, May 4th, to agitate for an Eight Hours Bill. Here again, however,

there are divided counsels, the Trade Union leaders naturally wishing to run the show themselves, while the Socialists and Social Democrats are equally anxious to put themselves in evidence. Among them, they will, no doubt, collect a vast crowd, and provided Mr. Shipton, Mr. Burns, and Mr. Hyndman are not within speaking distance of one another, the assemblage will probably be as orderly in behaviour as prompt in bludge passing resolutions. But Hyde Park demonstrations, however big, have quite lost their former political force, and we doubt whether the forthcoming effort will move Parliament by a single inch towards enacting that no free-born Briton shall sell more of his labour than eight hours a day. The Continental Socialists have taken up eagerly with that mad humour, but until they induce their several nationalities to adopt the system, the British workman will not be likely to handicap himself for the benefit of foreign idlers. An eight hours day all round, in every country and in every industry, would be a grand thing, without doubt, but it remains a good way off yet.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S INTENTIONS.—Does Prince Bismarck really propose to re-enter public life? A Hamburg newspaper confidently asserts that he does, and the announcement has created a flutter in the political "circles" of Germany. We may, however, reasonably doubt whether he has any such intention. At the time of his resignation it was generally understood that he wished to devote his remaining years to the collection and arrangement of the materials for the history of his career as a statesman. This would be a task of no small difficulty, but it would have many attractions for an old man, and would not be out of keeping with the rest of his life. If he appeared in the Reichstag as an ordinary Deputy, he would probably soon find himself in a position which would be intolerable to his proud spirit. It is a mistake to suppose that it would be possible for him to become a leader of a party which would enable him to control the Government. The Centre, the Radicals, and the Socialists would, of course, be beyond the range of his influence; and even the Conservatives would rather attach themselves to "the powers that be" than to a chief who could not hope to secure for them a commanding place in Parliament. The ex-Chancellor would stand alone, and, although he would always be listened to with respect, his words would no longer, as in old times, produce a profound impression all over Germany and Europe. This must be perfectly manifest to Prince Bismarck, and it will be strange if he thinks of exposing himself to what he could not but regard as a series of humiliations. If the country ever really needed him, and called him back to office, his patriotism would, no doubt, induce him to respond to its summons; but it is highly improbable that under other circumstances he will, at his advanced age, desire to burden himself with public duties.

THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—Geographical curiosity, the desire for individual fame and aggrandisement, the opening up of new markets, and what the Germans call "earth-hunger," are the most potent factors in the European crusade which is now being carried on with such feverish eagerness in Equatorial Africa. Of course our worthy crusaders all profess to be actuated by higher and less selfish motives, the chief of these being the Christianising and civilising of the native races, an aim which necessarily involves the abolition of the slave trade. A discussion which took place on this subject in the House of Commons on Tuesday indicated that the efforts of England in this direction were not thought to be of much practical value. The capturing of a few slave-dhows does little to stop the stream of "black ivory" which is perpetually flowing from the interior to the coast, and, probably (as formerly on the Atlantic), only intensifies the miseries of those negroes who have not the luck to be rescued by British cruisers. Feeble, however, as the results may be, our intentions are good, which is more than can be said of other European nations. With the Newfoundland lobster-difficulty looming in view, it is Sir James Ferguson's cue just now to be very civil to the French, but we have never seen any evidence that France is really desirous to put down slavery in those waters; on the contrary, by making a fuss about the violation of her flag, she has done much to thwart our well-meant efforts. The truth is that (allowing for an occasional enthusiast like Cardinal Lavigerie) Continental nations are unable to appreciate our traditional horror of negro slavery, and we venture to assert—as we have asserted before—that if England, and perhaps the United States, were removed from the scene, such nations as France, Italy, Portugal, and Germany would not trouble themselves to abolish the slave system in Africa, although they might seek to regulate it. This last remark contains the germ of an idea which is worth thinking out. To put down the slave-trade effectually, we should have, as Sir George Campbell says, to undertake the entire administration of Africa. But we may minimise an evil which we cannot abolish. There is a difference between slavery and the slave-trade. Slavery is an ingrained institution in those regions. The slave-trade, as now carried on, is an utter abomination. Now that European influence has become so great in Equatorial Africa, it should not be impossible to compel the slave-dealers to carry on their traffic more

humanely. Gradually it might be converted into a system of voluntary migration, which would be cheaper and better for everybody.

INEQUALITIES OF SENTENCES.—Now that all the chief legal luminaries in the Upper House are in agreement that something ought to be done to produce greater equality of sentences for the same offences, the world may expect—if in a very sanguine mood—to hear, in the course of a few years, that the question is being seriously considered. As Lord Herschell mildly puts it, the spectacle is not edifying when one judge awards seven years for an offence which his learned brother at a few miles' distance considers sufficiently punished with as many months' incarceration. But there is something more mischievous to be dealt with than such freaks of individual idiosyncrasy. Two opposing schools of thought are represented on the Bench, the one holding that the sentence should be strictly apportioned to the offence alone; the other, that it should be largely governed by previous convictions. Then, some Judges favour short, some long sentences, with the result that it is purely a matter of luck whether a transgressor gets heavy or light punishment. It is not conducive to the public well-being that there should be this uncertainty: criminals ought to be able to judge, with some approximation to accuracy, what Nemesis would be in wait for them if they committed this or that offence. It is the certainty, far more than the severity, of punishment that produces a wholesome impression on their minds: they should never have cause to hope that, even at the last moment, a stroke of good fortune, in the form of an amiable and tender-hearted Judge, may let them off more lightly than they deserve. But we entirely agree with Lord Herschell that, while trivial offences, such as petty larceny, might be dealt with mercifully, it would be a profound mistake to keep previous convictions hidden from the Court, as some reformers desire.

PRESIDENT CARNOT.—When M. Carnot became President of the French Republic, most people doubted whether he would be able to make much impression on the minds of his countrymen. That he was thoroughly honest, and in every way most worthy, was universally recognised; but it was thought that he lacked the qualities which appeal strongly to the French imagination. Experience has shown that his fitness for the great office was underrated. He has not been "brilliant;" but all his duties he has discharged with tact and dignity, and the result is that he is now the most popular President the Republic has had since Thiers. Even the peasantry has become familiar with his name, and to the nation as a whole he, much more than the Ministry of the day, represents the power and the continuity of the Republican system of government. This has been clearly shown in the course of his present tour, for everywhere—and nowhere more than in Corsica—he has been received with genuine cordiality, all classes vying with one another in the attempt to demonstrate their appreciation of his services. The Republicans are to be congratulated on their good fortune in having secured a President who has shown how to win for himself so much confidence and respect. He cannot directly control public affairs, but indirectly his influence may be of inestimable value as a force making for internal peace and conciliation. At Ajaccio the Bishop said he "prayed God to bestow on the President His best blessings in order that he might secure the happiness and prosperity of France, that dear Fatherland which, after God, they loved with filial, unchangeable, and boundless affection." French Bishops do not often use such language as that, and the speech ought to be a happy augury for the success of President Carnot in the task to which he has devoted himself.

THE WORLD FILLING UP.—According to Mr. Giffen, a few generations more will see the end of emigration, because there will be no room for more emigrants, all the blank habitable spaces having been occupied. Mr. Giffen is a master of statistics; but his manipulation of figures in support of this rather dismal theory is open to objection. Take the case of the United States—at the present time the most attractive emigration-field. Uncle Sam's territory, exclusive of Alaska, amounts, speaking roughly, to about 3,000,000 square miles. One third of this Mr. Giffen deducts as uninhabitable; but, if ever the rest of the country becomes as populous as Western Europe, the Americans will soon find means of utilising and fertilising their sage-brush and alkali deserts. Then, of the remaining 2,000,000 square miles, he says that only about 100,000 square miles remain to be cultivated, implying that that is the only tract open to the agricultural immigrant. But any one who has visited that "great sloven continent," as Nathaniel Hawthorne styled America, will know that, although the remaining nineteen-twentieths have been alienated from the State, and have become private property, only a small percentage of this area is cultivated, in the sense in which cultivation is understood in such countries as England, France, Holland, and Belgium. In the State of New York alone, despite the big city at its southern extremity, there are hundreds of square miles of wild land—land which could and would be cultivated if the pressure of population needed it. Depend on it that the United States, and still more Canada and Australasia, will need an abundance of strong willing hands for many a year to

come; and we only regret that the working classes of our nation (that is, the English, as distinguished from the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh) show at the present time so little desire for emigration. England alone ought to send out at least 300,000 emigrants yearly; and, in their new homes, they would do more to preserve the unity of the Empire than any artificial Federation schemes.

THE CRIMEAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.—Were the English people less accustomed to hear of memorials they have erected on foreign soil falling to ruin, they would feel a keen sense of shame at the appeal on behalf of the Memorial Church at Constantinople. Erected about a quarter of a century ago as "an enduring monument" to the Englishmen who fell in the Crimean War, it is now, apparently, in process of falling itself. All the money subscribed for this national testimonial of gratitude was spent on the building, the promoters trusting, no doubt, that the patriotic feeling which led to its erection would, through all ages, provide funds for the clergyman's stipend and annual repairs. This is the stereotyped assumption in such cases, and so wonderful is its vitality that the teachings of experience to the contrary make no impression. Only a short time ago there was a call upon the public purse to save from desecration the graves of departed British heroes in Belgium; before that, the hat was similarly sent round on behalf of the ruinous tombs of those gallant souls who died and were buried in the Crimea. Many other cases might be mentioned; it is our curious insular way to do these things in the grand style, and having done them, to leave the rest to the chapter of accidents. And so it comes to pass that the "enduring monument" at the Turkish capital has already become a reproach to the great and wealthy nation which, after calling it into existence, left it and its incumbent to rely on the benefactions of the few English residents at Constantinople who attend a Protestant place of worship. It may have been a mistake to give the memorial the form of an Anglican Church at a city where such an edifice was not much wanted. But having done so, after several years' consideration, we are bound to see that it does not become an "enduring monument" of a singularly disgraceful character. The Turks may well wonder, as the Archbishop of Canterbury suggests, whether Englishmen really care for their dead and for their faith.

ON THE LEARNING OF LANGUAGES.—In his address to the Congress of French masters the other day, Lord Granville spoke with his usual good sense about the way in which French ought to be taught. The ordinary plan in England is to begin with the learning of grammatical rules and the reading of some kind of text-book. The result is that the scholar becomes disgusted with the subject, and never really masters it. At the best much precious time is lost, and years may pass before it really dawns upon children that what they are learning is a living speech, familiarity with which will not only give them access to a great literature, but be of practical service to them in ordinary life. The true plan is to begin as one begins with one's native language. Grammar has its place in a course of instruction in French; but the pupil ought not to be troubled with it until he is able to carry on a French conversation freely. He will then have in his mind the materials which grammar classifies and explains, and it will be easy and pleasant for him to master rules which, at an earlier stage, are simply a useless burden on the memory. This applies, of course, to the learning of German, Italian, and other modern languages as well as to the learning of French; and there can be no doubt that in an ideal scheme of education the same method would be used in the teaching of Latin and Greek. The difficulty is to find schoolmasters capable of putting the system in force. To teach a language naturally, so that a child shall learn to use it as he uses his mother-tongue, requires in the teacher a high degree of alertness of mind; and we shall not secure this most desirable reform until schoolmasters themselves are more intelligently trained.

ANTHROPOMETRY v. BRANDING.—A plan for identifying criminals by the measurement of certain parts of their bodies, which do not increase or diminish in size after the adult age is reached, has been for some time in operation in France, and was the other day elucidated before the Anthropological Institute by M. Bertillon. Photography, he said, has, as a means of identification, been relegated to a secondary position, the search through a number of likenesses proving very laborious and often unprofitable owing to the objectionable habit which habitual law-breakers have of adopting *aliases*. It would be interesting to know whether criminal officials in this country encounter equal difficulty in this respect. But photography becomes very valuable when combined with anthropometry, that is, the measurement of certain parts of the human frame which differ considerably in different persons, but remain unaltered in each individual during adult age. These parts are the head, the foot, the middle finger, and the extended forearm from the elbow. Armed with these measurements, the detectives can sort a mass of 100,000 photographs of rogues into groups of about fifteen each, so that the suspected offender, if his likeness be there at all, is very easily "spotted." The plan seems very ingenious, but we cannot reconcile it with the remarkable statement which Mr. Gladstone recently made about the

size of his head. He declared that a hat which he used to wear years ago was now much too small for him. This abnormal development is possibly due to his conversion to Home Rule. The brain of the old Parliamentary hand wanted more space to work in, and automatically expanded the apartment in which it lives. If this be the correct theory, who shall say that a burglar's skull may not increase in size after working out the details of a very elaborate "crib-cracking" job? This somewhat shakes our faith in the accuracy of anthropometry. After all, why not resort to branding? Horses and cattle of the most blameless reputation are branded, and only a few years ago we branded our soldiers after desertion, in order to prevent their re-enlistment. Why then be so squeamish in applying this proof of previous conviction to hardened criminals?

FACTORY LABOUR IN INDIA.—The Bengal Chamber of Commerce makes out a fairly strong case against the proposed legislative restrictions on labour in Indian factories. Very much the same arguments were adduced, however, when the late Lord Shaftesbury started a similar movement in England for the protection of women and children. It was then sought to be made out, as it is now, that the immediate result would be to drive feminine and juvenile labour out of the market. Nor were there wanting glowing pictures of the pleasant lives led by factory girls and children, who got, it was said, all the halfpence without any of the kicks. It may be that the conditions of Indian factory life for this class of toilers correspond in some degree with the ideal imagined by Lord Shaftesbury's opponents. But it is difficult to believe, nevertheless, that an Indian child can add three or four rupees monthly to the family income by "work so light as to scarcely deserve the name of labour." Moreover, it has to be remembered that, by employing children, a certain amount of adult labour is displaced, with the result of lowering the wage-rate. There may be, perhaps, some circumstances in India which militate against the introduction of such drastic State regulations as govern factories in this country. But, without going so far as that, something should be done to afford a reasonable amount of protection to those unable to protect themselves against the power of capital. The worst of the matter is that the natives concerned in maintaining the present system would be sure to assert, were it altered, that the Government had much more in mind the interests of Lancashire than those of black humanity. Perhaps the philanthropy of Manchester in this business may have a keen eye to the main chance: Cottonopolis does not bear much affection to the Indian cotton manufacturer.

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LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—MATINÉE of THE DEAD HEART THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING at two o'clock. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry.

THE BELLS, THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at 8.50, and May 10th to 17th, and 24th and 26th. Preceded at 8 by THE KING AND THE MILLER. Mathias (his original part), Mr. Henry Irving. Matinee LOUIS XI., Saturday, May 3. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM

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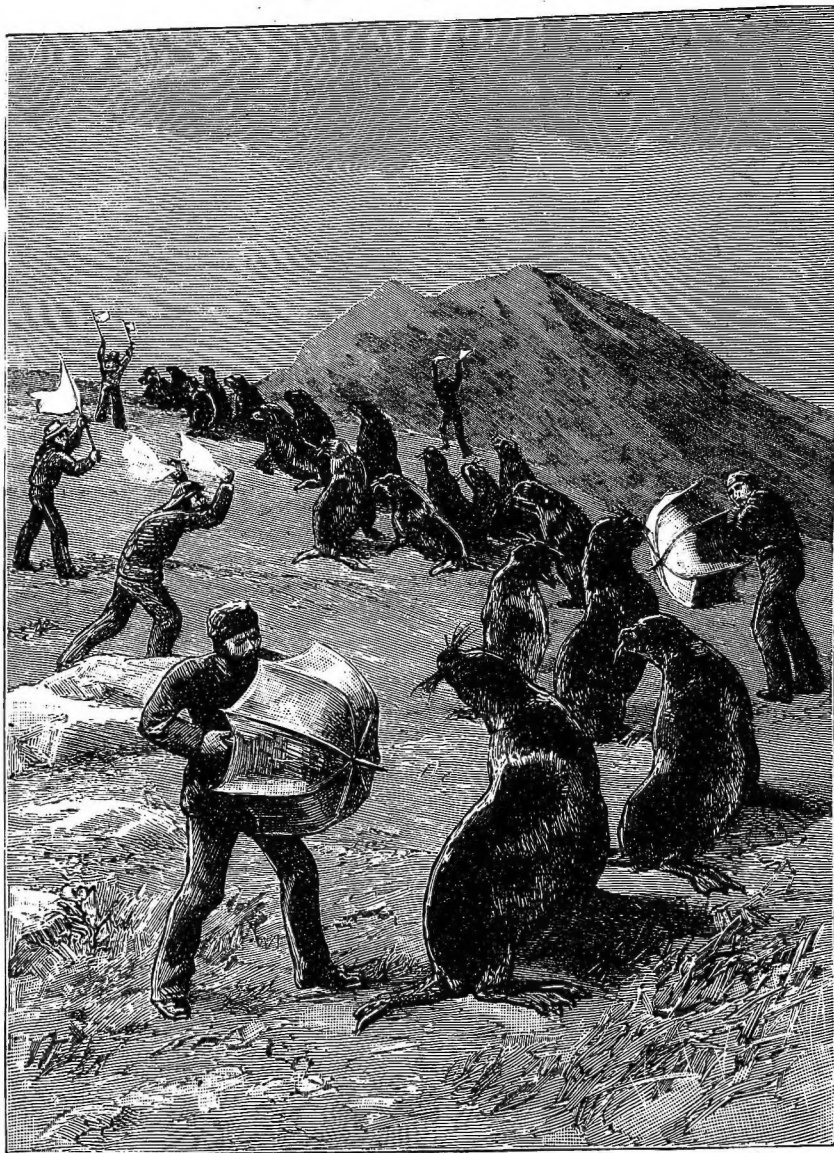
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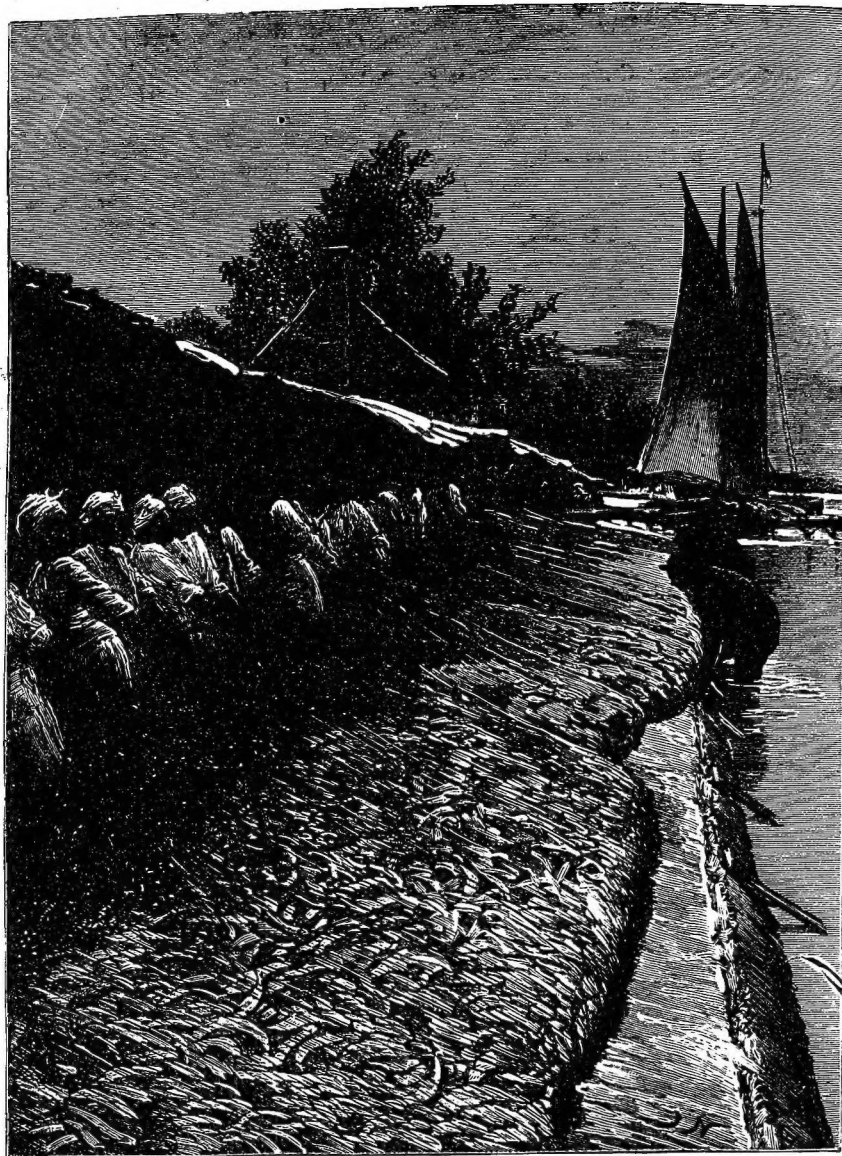
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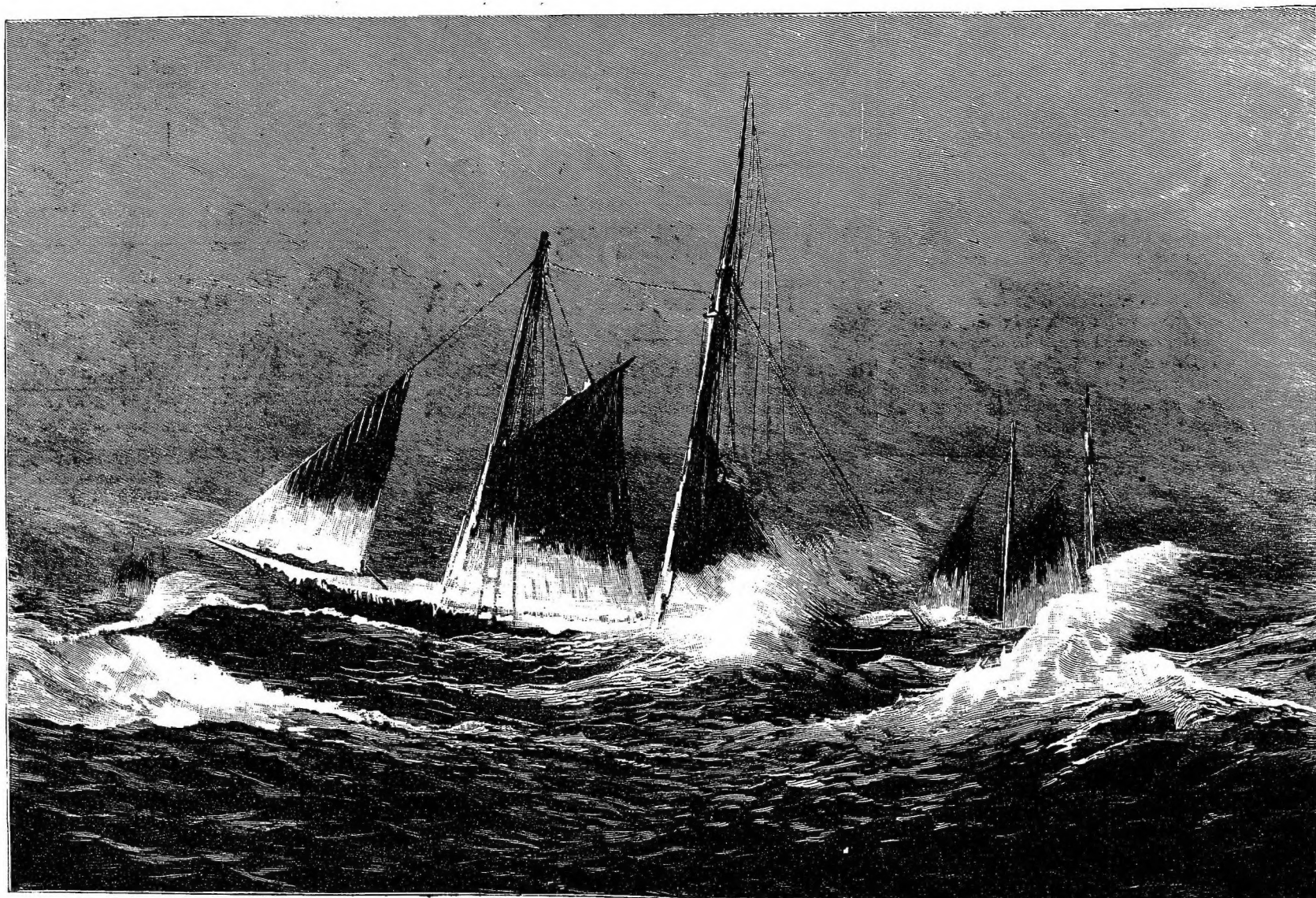
NOTICE.—With this number is issued AN EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "REMBRANDT LAUGHING."



DRIVING SEALS TO THE KILLING PLACE, BEHRING'S STRAITS

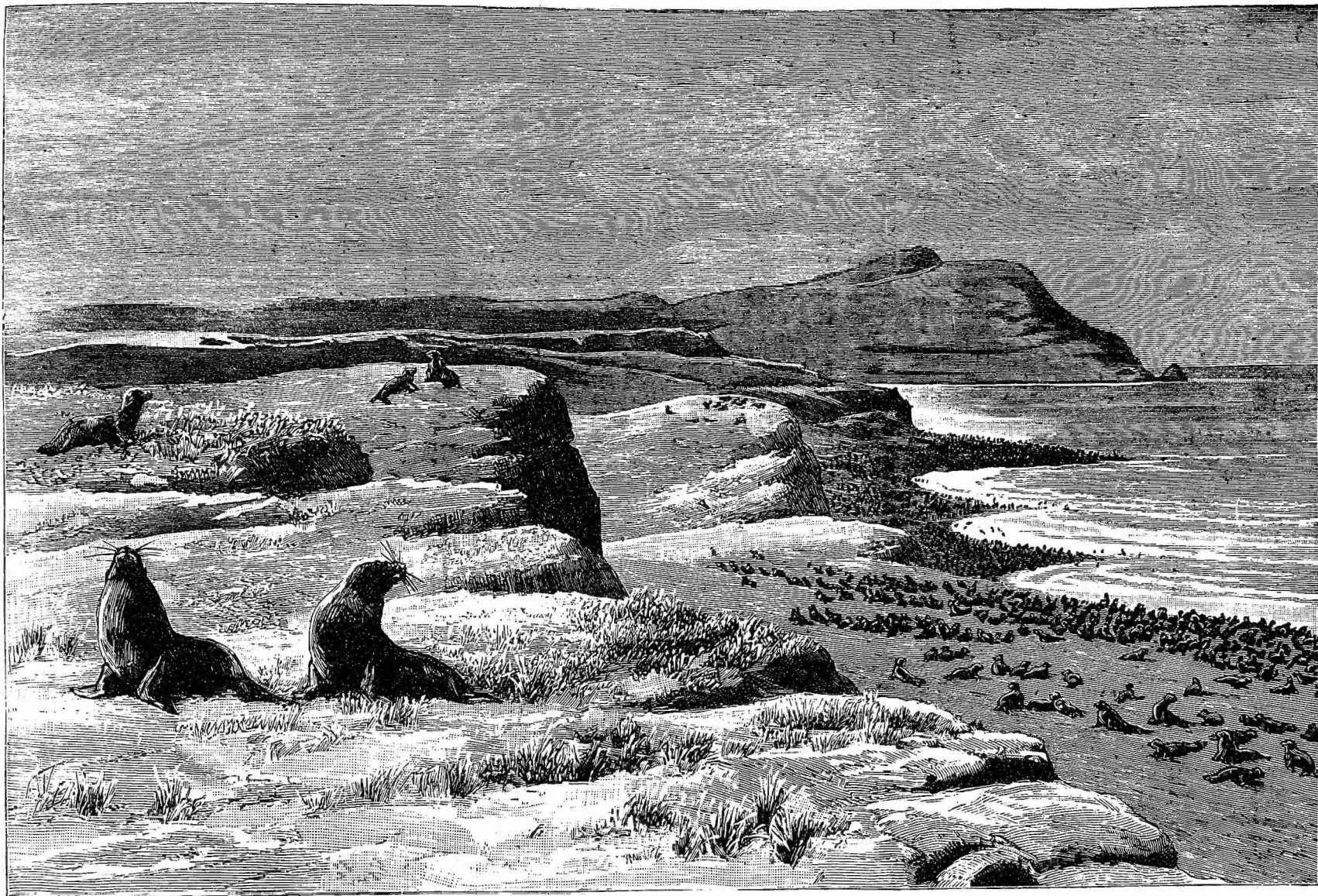


SHAD FISHING ON THE POTOMAC



FISHING SCHOONER "ICING UP" IN A WINTER GALE

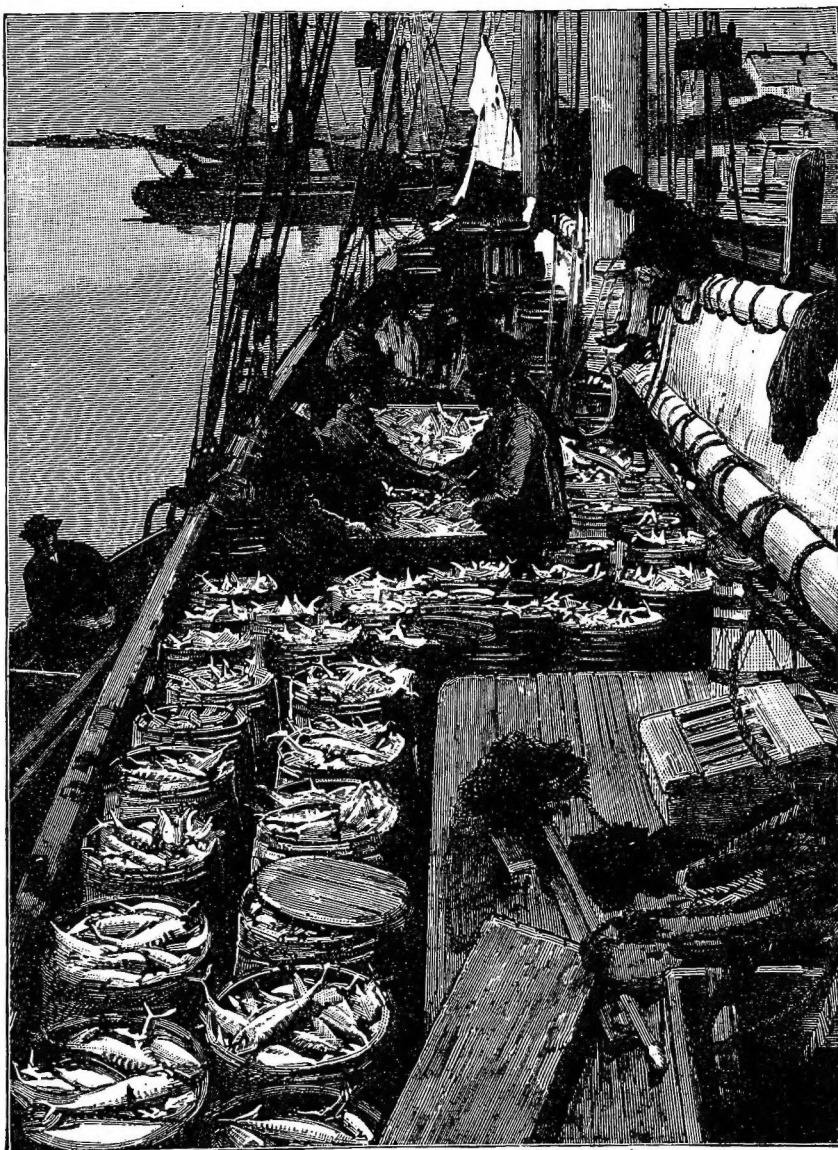
THE AMERICAN FISHERIES QUESTION



FUR SEAL ROOKERY IN THE PRIBYLOV ISLANDS



COD DRYING ON FLAKES AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



DRESSING A DECK OF MACKEREL

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES QUESTION



THE JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

NOT much description of this popular annual event is needed. Suffice it to say that it took place on Wednesday last week; that the Lady Mayoress, assisted by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and other civic dignitaries, had between four and five hundred guests to receive; that the dresses were, for the most part, pretty and appropriate; and that a very pleasant evening was spent. There was dancing to the strains of the Coldstreams' band, under Mr. C. Thomas; conjuring by Professor and Madame Clarence, and juggling and wire-walking by the Wartenburg Troupe; while last, and by no means least, the supper was—what a Mansion House supper always is—excellent. Perhaps to the oldest of the pleasantest feature of the evening was the procession. The children were formed up about half-past eight, and marched past, making obeisance as they passed to the Lady Mayoress. In the centre group of our picture, starting from the left, will be found the following characters:—"The Knave of Hearts" (Master Dudley H. Clulow), "Portia" (Miss Leila Whitehead), "Colonel Fairfax" (Master Herbert Smith), "Dame a Beckett" (Miss Amy R. Bridgman), "Spring" (Miss Double), "Sappho" (Miss Edith Harris), and "Princess Primrose."

AMERICAN FISHERY NOTES

THESE engravings, the locality of which ranges over a vast extent of latitude and longitude, have a special interest just now, when a fishery dispute in Newfoundland threatens, unless our statesmen show a bold and determined front, either to cause the secession to the United States of one of our oldest colonies, or to involve us in a war with France. Two of our pictures are from the Pribylov Islands, Behrings' Straits, where the fur-seal fishery is carried on. The females are only about one-fourth the size of the males, and the skins of the young males are the most esteemed. One of these drawings (they are by Mr. H. W. Elliot, the United States Commissioner), represents men driving the seals inland towards the village, where the large males are shot, and the others clubbed to death. The other of these drawings represents a "rookery" on the Pribylov Islands, the chief breeding-place of the seal from which ladies' jackets are made. The seals do not stay there all the year round, but come from all parts of the Pacific. In the month of May the males arrive first; the females then follow, and, soon after landing, give birth to their "pups." All the seals leave in October. On St. Paul's, one of the group, about a million young seals are born each year. By law, the killing is limited to 100,000 each year. Nine-tenths of the whole take is sold in London. All the dressing is done in England or Belgium. The third sketch (by Captain Collins) represents a fishing schooner "icing up" after a winter's gale. Off the New England coasts the temperature of the air in winter gales often falls below zero; though, owing to the Gulf Stream, the sea remains unfrozen. The spray, as it flies over the fishing-vessels, turns instantly to ice. A desperate struggle for life often ensues. Many schooners are lost, while others reach port only by dint of the men hewing away the ice with axes, and heaving it overboard, the sails being as stiff as tin-plates, and the ropes like bars of iron. The shad, which is a large-sized cousin of the herring, is a favourite fish in America, where it is highly esteemed for food. It inhabits the sea near the mouths of rivers, and large numbers are captured at the outlets of the Hudson, Delaware, and Chesapeake. In the case represented in our engraving, the splendid haul which the negroes and negroes are securing is attributed to artificial culture. The other two sketches need no explanation; but it may be remarked that the American Gloucester is situated in Essex County, Massachusetts. It is beautifully situated and compactly built, and has of late years become a fashionable watering-place. It has for long been an important fishing-town, and has a considerable foreign commerce, the harbour being one of the best on the coast. A few years ago some interesting international courtesies were exchanged between this town and its English namesake on the Severn.—We are indebted to the Rev. W. S. Green, of Carrigaline, Co. Cork, Ireland, for the sketches and photographs from which our engravings are executed.

SINKING OF THE "QUETTA"

THE *Quetta* was a screw steamer of 2,254 tons net, was built in 1881 on the Clyde, and was owned by the British India Associated Steamers (Limited). Since the establishment of the Queensland line, the passage on which the *Quetta* was engaged had been made without accident of any kind by 197 vessels. Great astonishment, as well as consternation, was therefore felt when a telegram was sent from Lloyd's agent at Brisbane, dated on the evening of March 1st, announcing that the *Quetta* had struck on a rock near Somerset, Torres Straits, and sunk within three minutes, carrying with her a large number of her crew and passengers. There were on board 282 souls, including some 60 Javanese, and of these 149 were saved, and 133 were lost. The *Quetta* sank broadside on, some plates having been torn out by the collision with the rock. The boats which left the sinking ship were all subsequently accounted for. It was at first reported that the coloured crew had behaved badly, thrusting the ladies aside, and making a rush for the boats as soon as the vessel began to go down. This statement is correct as regards the Javanese deck passengers, but unfounded as regards the Lascars, who formed part of the *Quetta's* crew, and who behaved admirably. The excessive number of fatalities among the ladies on board is attributed to the fact that at the time of the disaster they were sitting under an awning, which carried them down with the sinking vessel. The rock on which the *Quetta* struck does not appear to have been marked on the charts.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. John Comyns, Hawthorne, near Melbourne, Victoria.

LITTLE JACK AND HIS PLAYMATES

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take—
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

ONE is reminded of the well-known children's hymn in writing of Little Jack, the Boy Missionary. Jack was the son of Captain and Mrs. E. C. Hore, and was only eleven weeks old when, in 1882, they started for Africa, in company with a number of other missionaries, including Bishop Hannington. The baby was carried in a wheelbarrow to Mambou, then back to Zanzibar, and afterwards round a great portion of the African Continent, while he also accompanied his parents on many of their missionary journeys into the interior. He quickly became very popular with the natives, by whom he was known as "the little missionary," and by his winning ways contributed much, it can hardly be doubted, to the success of his parents' missionary endeavours. He passed safely through the many dangers of Africa, and in 1888 returned, with his mother, to this country. But early in 1889 he was stricken with measles, and on the 5th of April of that year he died. On Saturday last a

tablet, subscribed for by Sunday-School Children, was put up to his memory in Highgate Cemetery. It bears the text

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 473.

"HARD, OR MEDIUM, SIR?"

IN Mr. Barnes's humorous picture the little boy who is making his first appearance in the hair-dresser's chair, looks upward with a certain degree of pardonable trepidation at the formidable instrument which is revolving over his head. If he is wise he will answer "Medium," on the time-honoured principle that *in medio tutissimus ibis*. To a novice, the first contact of a rasping machinery-driven brush with the sitter's poll is sufficiently alarming, although the after sensation is usually delightful. The friction acts as an admirable counter-irritant, and has a wonderful revivifying effect when the patient feels weary or used-up. By the way, the barber's question will come home forcibly to many gentlemen of maturer years, who once gloried in the hard brush, but now find, in consequence of the gradual thinning of their locks that a brush of less severity is best adapted to their skulls.

THE POOR BLIND OF EAST LONDON

THE Indigent Blind Visiting Society, which is under the Presidency of Lord Ebury, and whose offices are at 27, Red Lion Square, was established in the year 1834, with the object of improving the condition of the blind, resident in and near London, by providing them (a) with readers of the Scriptures at their own homes; (b) with guides, when needed, to take them to places of worship, and to the classes established by the Society; (c) with instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, knitting, &c.; and (d) with temporal relief at the discretion of the Committee. As the last report truly states, this is a quiet unobtrusive Society which makes no flourish of trumpets, most of its work being done in mission or school-rooms scattered through the poorest parts of London, or by the twelve blind visitors, who pass noiselessly from house to house, teaching and helping those whom they visit. The educational classes are now attended almost exclusively by adults, as of late years the London School Board has recognised its responsibility towards blind children. A useful feature of this Society is that it helps those who have been in institutions to make a start in life, and to obtain the materials needed for their trade by grants or loans. In times of sickness, too, or temporary trouble, help is given them. Much still remains to be done for the blind. At the Grosvenor House Meeting last Saturday, it was stated that there are 30,000 sightless persons in the United Kingdom, most of whom are in a state of helplessness or dependence. The Indigent Blind Visiting Society utilises as much as possible the services of the sightless. All places of trust, except that of lady-assistant, are filled, and very satisfactorily filled, by blind persons.

Turning now to our engravings, we may observe that the East End Branch of the Society holds its meetings in St. Philip's Institute on Sunday afternoon, all day Tuesday and Thursday, and Wednesday afternoon. One sketch represents the women coming to their meeting, with Mr. Vatcher helping one down the steps; in another some of the men are having tea. The one with the dark spectacles is Mr. Mead, the missionary among them; he, too, is blind. The children in both pictures are the "guides," who are paid for bringing the people to the meetings. There is also a school for them in another room while the blind are at their meetings. The Indigent Blind Society do not encourage their people to walk in lines, as in our third sketch; that represents the blind in the workhouses.

"MY FIRST SEASON"

See page 484

"ONLY A RELIC"

THE hero of Mr. Seton's picture may wear a dress which is no longer in fashion, but the sentiment of the situation will never become obsolete, as every one knows who has experienced a severe bereavement. As soon as the beloved one has vanished irrevocably from our mortal gaze, every association which links us with the departed becomes sacred; even the most trivial and apparently prosaic relic is invested with an indefinable charm, and is accordingly cherished by the sorrowful survivor.

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

REMBRANDT made a very happy marriage when, in 1634, he wedded Saskia van Ulenburgh. But its duration was brief, for she died in 1642. His affection for her during these eight years is shown by the frequency with which he painted her portrait, sometimes realistically, sometimes ideally. He never wearied of his model. She constantly figures as a beautiful inspiration, brightening and cherishing the painter's heart and fireside. One of these pictures, bearing the date 1638, and painted in the artist's happiest mood, is now in the Dresden Gallery. It represents Rembrandt at home, with a cup in his hand, and Saskia seated on his knee. The figures are life-sized, brilliantly dressed, and full of an expression of enjoyment. The special merit of this picture lies in the richness and harmony of its colouring; but it is additionally interesting on account of the glimpse which it gives into the pleasant home-life of the painter. A portion of this picture, showing Rembrandt's head only, has recently been etched by M. Ch. Baude, of 8, Rue Le Verrier, Paris, and is here reproduced by his permission. It was exhibited, under the title of *Le Rieur* (the Laugher), in the Fine Art Section of the Universal Exhibition last year at Paris, and was awarded a medal of the first-class.

NOTE.—The author of "Nocturnal London," reviewed in our columns last week, wishes to point out that "ave nocturna" is not bad Latin but good Spanish. As to "au revoir," that was an error of his printer. His character for linguistic accuracy is thus established.



POLITICAL.—Primrose Day this year was even more marked than in former years by a display on the persons of all classes of the symbolic flower from which it takes its name, and the decoration with it of Lord Beaconsfield's statue in Parliament Square was as profuse as it was varied and ornate. Covent Garden Theatre was filled on the occasion of the annual demonstration of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League, when it was announced by Lord Amherst, who took the chair in the unavoidable absence of Lord Salisbury, that the number of members on the League roll now amounted to 910,852, showing an increase of nearly 100,000 in the past year. The vast audience was addressed by Mr. A. J. Balfour, who reviewed the achievements and successes, in their various departments, of the chief members of the Ministry, and then turning to the state of Ireland exposed and conclusively re-uted

some of the most salient misrepresentations of Mr. W. O'Brien on the platform and in the Press. In a history of New Tipperary, and of the enforced rejection by his tenants of Mr. Ponsonby's generous offers, the Chief Secretary for Ireland gave a vivid sketch of the unscrupulous and mischievous tyranny of the promoters of the Plan of Campaign. At Bristol Sir Michael Hicks Beach, at Edinburgh Mr. Chaplin, at Tunbridge Wells the Attorney-General, and at Leeds Mr. Jackson, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, defended the policy of the Government in speeches which contained glowing tributes to the career and character of Lord Beaconsfield.—Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., at a recent meeting of Manchester Liberationists, announced that the Liberal party were becoming bent on dealing with great questions and on great solutions. After the settlement of the Home Rule question, foremost among those other questions would come the great one of the disestablishment and disendowment, on just terms, of all existing Church establishments.—At the banquet to Lord Hartington, on the 13th of May, fifty members of the House of Lords, and almost all the Liberal-Unionist members of the House of Commons, including Mr. Goschen, will be present, with representatives of the Liberal-Unionist Associations in all parts of the United Kingdom.—A Committee of which Earl Amherst is chairman, has been formed to organise a demonstration in honour of Sir William Hart Dyke, Vice-President of the Council, and M.P. for North Kent, who has given the county of Kent twenty-five years of continuous Parliamentary service.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, resuming, on Tuesday, its usual weekly meetings after the Easter Recess, was favoured with a first instalment of a long address, to be finished next Tuesday, from Lord Rosebery, the chairman, in which he reviewed, with considerable complacency, the work done during the past year by the Council and its Committees. The Council, which has been temporarily accommodated in the Guildhall, now meets in Spring Gardens, the former quarters of the defunct Metropolitan Board of Works, where a suitable chamber has been provided for its deliberations.

THE EVICTIONS on the Ponsonby estate have this week been resumed. The statements made by some of the tenants testified to the coercion brought to bear on them by the promoters of the Plan of Campaign, and to the willingness with which they would otherwise have accepted the liberal terms offered them, and have retained their holdings. Most of them were well to do, and though in the majority of cases from five to six years' rent was due, in every case the landlord proposed to accept one year's rent on account of all rent and costs due, but fear of the Nationalists led to a general rejection of this generous proposal. Nothing like active resistance, however, was offered. The case of the sub-tenants was specially hard, as their eviction was caused by the default of those under whom they hold, and no provision for housing them had been made by the promoters of the Plan of Campaign. One of these sub-tenants was actually paying twice as much per acre as the tenant from whom he held was paying, or not paying, to Mr. Ponsonby. The growing indifference of Irish occupiers to the Plan of Campaign, and the consequent call made on its promoters to bully them into supporting it, was strikingly illustrated in a speech made on Sunday at Inch, on the borders of the Ponsonby estate, by Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., who had been paying an ominous visit to the tenants on that estate. He reproached in bitter language the occupiers of the adjacent district with their "disgraceful lethargy" in the cause, and made sorrowfully and indignantly the remarkable admission that the young men of Ireland cared more for a game of football than for what he called "the welfare of their native land."

LORD GRANVILLE, presiding at the Eighth Annual Congress of French Teachers in England, made a lively speech—in the course of which, after saying that a foreign language would be best taught by a native, he referred to the care now taken in the selection of French teachers in public schools, as settling the question of discipline and influence. Much also, he added, would depend on the attitude of their colleagues towards them. Among the speakers was the Head-Master of Harrow, who said that at Harrow the French master stood on a perfect equality with every other master in the School, was invested with the same powers, and was equally respected.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE, supposed to have been caused by an over-heated flue, broke out on Tuesday forenoon at Hams Hall, Warwickshire, which dates from 1760, the seat of Lord Norton, and for several centuries of the Adderleys. The fire-brigades were summoned from the surrounding towns; and, after their arrival, several of the helpers were injured, and one of them killed, by the falling in of the upper storey. A quantity of valuable property, including the library, in the lower rooms, was rescued; but the contents of the upper storeys were destroyed, and the mansion was completely gutted. Lord Norton and most of the family had left for London on the previous day.

MR. HANDEL COSSHAM, Gladstonian M.P. for East Bristol, who expired suddenly at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday afternoon, was the only son of the late Mr. Jesse Cossam, of Bristol, and was born at Thornbury, Gloucestershire, in 1824. In 1845 he was appointed manager of the Yate Collieries, and three



MR. HANDEL COSSHAM
M.P. for East Bristol
Born 1824. Died April 23, 1890

years later became a colliery proprietor near Kingswood. He was Mayor of Bath 1882-3, and again 1884-5, and was formerly also a member of the Bristol Town Council. He was elected for East Bristol in 1885 in the Liberal interest, and was a consistent supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. Mr. Cossam, who was the author of several pamphlets on political and other subjects, a member of the National Liberal Club, and a F.G.S., married in 1848, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Wethered, of Little Marlow, Bucks.

THE LONDON WORKING CLASSES are very much disinclined to follow the example of some of their Continental brethren and lose a day's wages by "demonstrating" on the first of May for a labour-day of eight hours, and many of them are strongly opposed to having the eight hours limit fixed by legislative enactment. Their demonstration for that object will take place in Hyde Park on Sunday, May 4th. Complete failure attended the attempted demonstration of labour against capital in Hyde Park on Sunday last, called for by the obscure body which styles itself the "Grand Council of the National Federation of all Trades and Industries."

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Mr. J. H. Gurney, son of the famous Quaker, Joseph John Gurney, and from 1854 to 1865 Moderate Liberal M.P. for King's Lynn, many years an active member of the well-known East Anglian banking firm of Gurneys, and afterwards of the ill-fated enterprise of Overend and Gurney, a diligent ornithologist and donor to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum of his valuable collection of raptorial birds; in his fifty-eighth year, of Mr. Stephen Mason, formerly Gladstonian M.P. for the Mid Division of Lanarkshire, and at one time President of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce; of Mr. Albert Rutson, a member of the London School Board, who was Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen when Home Secretary, and has contested seats in the Liberal and Gladstonian interest; of Sir Evan Morris, who, as Mayor of Wrexham, was knighted by the Queen during her visit in 1889; in his sixty-seventh year, of Lieutenant-General Charles R. O. Evans, late R.A., who commanded the Cabul field-force in 1880; in his forty-sixth year, of Commander Thomas B. Lacy, Naval Knight of Windsor; in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. Paterson, managing-director of the well-known firm of Carter Paterson and Co. (Limited); and, in his eighty-seventh year, of Dr. Rowland M. Fawcett, long a leading physician in Cambridge, of which borough he was once Mayor, and in which he was an active promoter of local improvements.



A CURIOUS ACTION FOR LIBEL is being brought against Mr. Bryce, M.P. The plaintiff, Mr. Oakley Hall, an American citizen, but now residing in this country, was some twenty years since Mayor of New York, and he claims damages for passages in Mr. Bryce's recent work on the American Commonwealth, in which it is suggested that he was then intimately connected with the notorious Tammany ring, an organisation charged with wholesale bribery and corruption. Mr. Bryce, it appears, justifies his statements. The case came, at a preliminary stage, before a Divisional Court on Monday. The proceedings had reference to a technical point, and were not of much general interest.

CARDINAL MANNING has been before the Queen's Bench Division as a defendant under peculiar and interesting circumstances. He was one of three trustees of a fund raised by subscription to assist Mrs. Abrahams, a wealthy Roman Catholic lady, in establishing a girls' home at Highgate. They entered into a contract for the building, and when it was completed payment was duly made through a cheque of her own and another signed by the Cardinal's two co-trustees. The builder, however, sent in a bill for extras, and on the lady disputing some of the items and declining to pay it as it stood, he applied for payment to the Cardinal, and to the Cardinal alone, for the amount. In their affidavits, Mrs. Abrahams and the Cardinal declared that he had nothing to do with the contract, and that she was ready to pay anything that was legitimately due. The Cardinal having declined to pay, and the builder suing him, an application was made on his behalf at Chambers to stay the action as frivolous and vexatious, and an abuse of the process of the Court. This application was refused in the first instance, and was ultimately referred to the Queen's Bench Division. There being no doubt as to the power of the Court to grant the application, Mr. Baron Huddleston was in favour of granting it, holding that the action could not possibly succeed, and that in suing the Cardinal alone, the plaintiff merely meant to "put on the screw" in the hope that the Cardinal or his advisers would pay the money to get rid of the action. A different view, however, was taken by the other Judge, Mr. Justice Grantham, who did not think that upon the affidavits produced it was shown to be impossible that the Cardinal should be considered liable. The Court being divided, the application fell to the ground, but Cardinal Manning's counsel gave notice of appeal.

DANIEL GORRIE, charged, as mentioned in this column last week, with the murder of Thomas Furlonger, at Nevill's Bread Factory at Brixton, was brought before the Lambeth Police-Magistrate on Monday and Tuesday. On Monday, statements by the prisoner to the police, respecting his movements on the day of the murder were found, on several important points, to be contradicted by those of the manager and others in the employment of the firm. On Tuesday the chief evidence given was that of the manager of the factory, who deposed to having paid Gorrie his wages about noon on the day of the murder, and to having seen him so late as twenty-five minutes past one standing at the door of No. 1 bake-house, in which the murdered man was employed. The prisoner was again remanded.

THE ADJOURNED INQUEST ON ALBERT DE GUÉDON, the Leicester Square suicide and attempted murderer of his young French companion, Henriette Grisse, was brought to a close on Tuesday. Mr. Hoffmann, who was staying in the hotel, and was the first person who saw the young woman as she rushed out, wounded and bleeding, from de Guédon's room, said, in answer to the Coroner, that he knew of no cause for jealousy on de Guédon's part. Another witness deposed that he gave lessons in English to de Guédon two months since, and that he seemed a quiet young man. A gentleman from the French Consulate said that inquiries made with a view to the identification of de Guédon had failed, and that his name was probably assumed. The jury's verdict was that the deceased committed suicide while labouring under temporary insanity.



THE TURF.—Not content with owning Pioneer, the first favourite for the City and Suburban, Mr. Abington recently paid 4,000*l.* for Quartus, who had also been in good demand for that event. In a subsequent trial, however, Pioneer easily defeated the new purchase, with the result that the latter beat a retreat to 50 to 1. In the race on Wednesday there were fifteen runners, and Pioneer started a hot favourite at 5 to 2. In the event, however, he could get no nearer than fourth, the winner being the Duke of Beaufort's Réve d'Or, who started at 100 to 14. Baron Hirsch's Vasistas was second, and Mr. Lowther's Workington third. Of the other races at Epsom we may mention the Great Metropolitan Stakes, in which

the Duke of Beaufort was also successful with Parlington; the Great Surrey Handicap, won by Mr. Hammond's St. Symphorien; and the Hyde Park Plate, which fell to Lord Ellesmere's Sabra. T. Loates, who already heads the list of winning jockeys, scored thrice during the first two days of the meeting.

Mr. Abington and Lord Randolph Churchill were both in Dame Fortune's good books at Newmarket. The former won a couple of races with Hackler, while the latter secured the First Welter Handicap Plate with Blue Peter, and a Selling Plate with Trapezoid. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, the new Steward of the Jockey Club, signalled his occasion to office by taking the Babraham Plate with Evergreen, but saw his colt succumb next day, in the Thirty-first Newmarket Biennial, to Prince Soltkyoff's Duo. Lord Hartington's Morion scored a popular victory in the Craven Stakes. At Derby, on Friday last week, Lord Hastings' Jessamy won the Sudbury Stakes, and Mr. R. H. Combe's Imogene the Welbeck Handicap; while, next day, the Chaddesden Plate fell to Mr. A. Fulwell's Pert, and—wonder of wonders!—the Doveridge Handicap to Lord Rodney's Danbydale. This was that oft-backed deceiver's first victory.—On the motion of Lord Durham, the Jockey Club has decided to have a shorthand reporter present at all its meetings. Let us hope that the new departure will not cause the members to think it their duty to make long speeches.

FOOTBALL.—As regards the number of matches played, no club in the Kingdom approaches the Casuals. This year, despite the influenza, their first team played 73 matches, of which 36 were won, 15 drawn, and 22 lost.—Preston North End beat a weak South of England Eleven on Saturday by two goals to love.—Heart of Midlothian smashed Blackburn Rovers by seven goals to love.—For the third time in succession, and the eighth time in fifteen years, Aston Villa won the Birmingham Cup, beating West Bromwich Albion in the final.

RUNNING.—At the L.A.C. meeting, on Saturday, T. T. Pitman won the quarter-mile Challenge Cup, W. Pollock-Hill being second. In the 1,000 yards race their positions were reversed, and Pollock-Hill, going on, completed three-quarters of a mile in 3 min. 11 1/5th sec., a very good performance.—J. Kibblewhite easily won the Ten Miles Championship at Birmingham on Monday, doing the distance in the very fair time of 53 min. 49 sec.

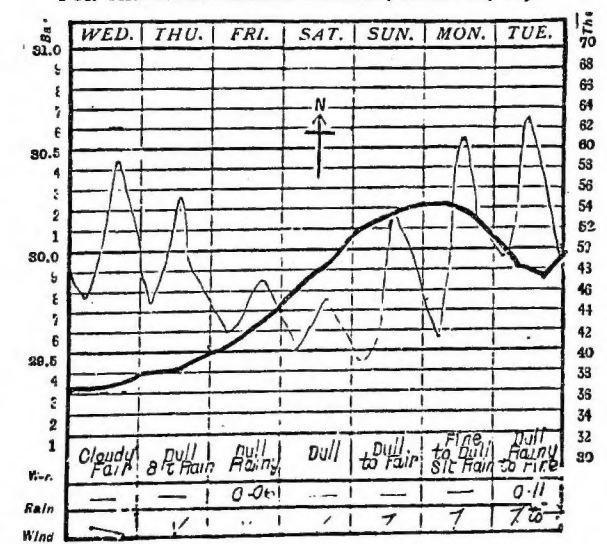
RACQUETS.—Once again, for the fifteenth time in twenty-three years, Harrow secured the Public Schools Cup. The Charterhouse pair, as last year, were exhausted by a very hard match on the previous day, and succumbed to Wellington, who were in turn defeated by the Dark Blues in the final.

BICYCLING.—F. J. Osmond, Brixton Ramblers, was in great form at the Surrey Bicycle Club meeting on Saturday, and won both the Scratch Races—the Half-mile in 1 min. 33 3/5th sec., and the Ten Miles in 36 min. 38 sec.—R. Howell beat A. H. Robb in a Ten Miles Match, at Wolverhampton, on Saturday.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Fasting is hardly to be considered a "pastime," perhaps, but we may just mention here that Succi completes his forty days of abstinence at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon. This is the "fastest" performance on record.—Can roller skating be revived as a fashionable pursuit? The company which has turned Olympia into a skating-rink seem to think so, and we hope their hopes will be justified, for no exercise is more graceful and health-giving than skating, even on wheels.—Jack Wannop beat Josh Cosnett in a boxing-match decided on Monday night, his victory being mainly due to the want of generalship on the part of his antagonist, who, though younger and stronger, played a waiting game instead of forcing the pace.—We regret to have to record the death, at the early age of forty, of Mr. Charles Frederick Pardon, the sporting editor of the Press Association, and President of the London Press Club.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (22nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been more or less dull, gloomy, and cool in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. Drizzle has fallen from time to time in most places, and sharp showers occurred more than once in the South-West and South. Thunderstorms have been experienced over the Southern parts of the country. During the early part of the time a large low pressure area moved North-Eastwards from the neighbourhood of the Bay of Biscay across the Continent, and then apparently filled up, while the highest pressures were found in a system located over the North of Russia. Easterly or North-Easterly breezes were felt over England, and Easterly or South-Easterly breezes elsewhere, with dull or gloomy weather, and a little drizzle from time to time. In the South-West of Ireland and in the South of England, however, rather heavy rain fell in the course of the 17th to 18th inst. During the closing days of the week the distribution of pressure over our Islands was decidedly cyclonic, the lowest readings of the barometer being shown off in West of Ireland and North of Scotland. Southerly winds (fresh or strong in the West and North) quickly spread over the country, and eventually rain became very general, but was not heavy anywhere. The highest temperatures rose to 63° in the South-East of England and in the Channel on Wednesday (16th inst.), and to the same value over Central Ireland on Sunday (20th inst.). At many English inland stations on Friday and Saturday (18th and 19th inst.), however, the maxima did not rise above 45°. The lowest daily temperatures have not differed much from the normal.

The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Monday (21st inst.); lowest (29.36 inches) on Wednesday (16th inst.); range 0.84 inch. The temperature was highest (63°) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); lowest (39°) on Sunday (20th inst.); range 23°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.17 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.11 inch on Tuesday (22nd inst.)

THE FAMOUS MEXICAN VOLCANO, POPOCATEPETL, is crumbling away. A fresh survey of the peak has just been taken, proving that it has decreased three-thousand-feet-in-height since the last measurement.

PARLIAMENT

MR. PARNELL'S interposition in debate on the second reading of the Land Purchase Bill was looked forward to with unusual interest. The announcement of his determination to move the rejection of the Bill was hailed with almost boisterous satisfaction in Opposition circles. The melancholy fact is, that gentlemen who work with Mr. Parnell had occasion to be grateful for this timely manifestation. As a rule, even his most intimate associates do not know what their leader is going to do. Without intention—for at least Mr. Parnell has no affectation—he moves in a mysterious way. No one knows whether he will come down to take part in a debate materially affecting Ireland, or whether he will forbear. On the now rare occasions that he appears in his place, he, unlike other leaders, with or without following, sits in some undistinguished place below the gangway. No corner seat for him, content to sit midway down a back bench.

His very method of giving notice of an important amendment on the Land Purchase Bill was characteristic. It is usual that in such circumstances the glove shall be cast down publicly in the presence of the two armies. Had it been arranged that notice to move the rejection of the Bill should have been given from the Front Opposition Bench, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, or Mr. John Morley, to whomsoever the task was committed, would have risen as soon as questions were over, at a time when the House was at the fullest, and amid the ringing cheers and counter-cheers, would have sounded the note of battle. Mr. Parnell quietly approached the table, handed in his notice of amendment to the Clerk and went his way, the fact that he had moved in the matter casually leaking out at a late hour of the sitting.

On Monday there was no further opportunity of gratifying his passion for seclusion. In moving his amendment, he must needs occupy the most prominent place in the House, even though he still spoke from the undistinguished crowd on a back bench. The house was thronged in every part. By chance, the day had been chosen for the return of several notable absentees. When Mr. Parnell himself entered, he was accompanied by Mr. John Dillon, who has been in far countries, handing round the hat, and getting it handsomely filled with funds to keep the Irish party going. Mr. Dillon had not only improved the financial prospects of his party by his tour, but had evidently greatly benefited in health. Another stranger was Lord Randolph Churchill, who, though he had not thought it worth while to be in his place on Budget night, was there in good time to hear Mr. Parnell's speech. Mr. Gladstone also made his first appearance since the Easter holidays, and last, but not least, came Lord Hartington, every one glad to see him in fully-restored health. As he walked up the floor towards his corner-seat on the Front Opposition Bench it was pleasing to note how both sides, Liberals and Conservatives, cheered the statesman of whom all are proud.

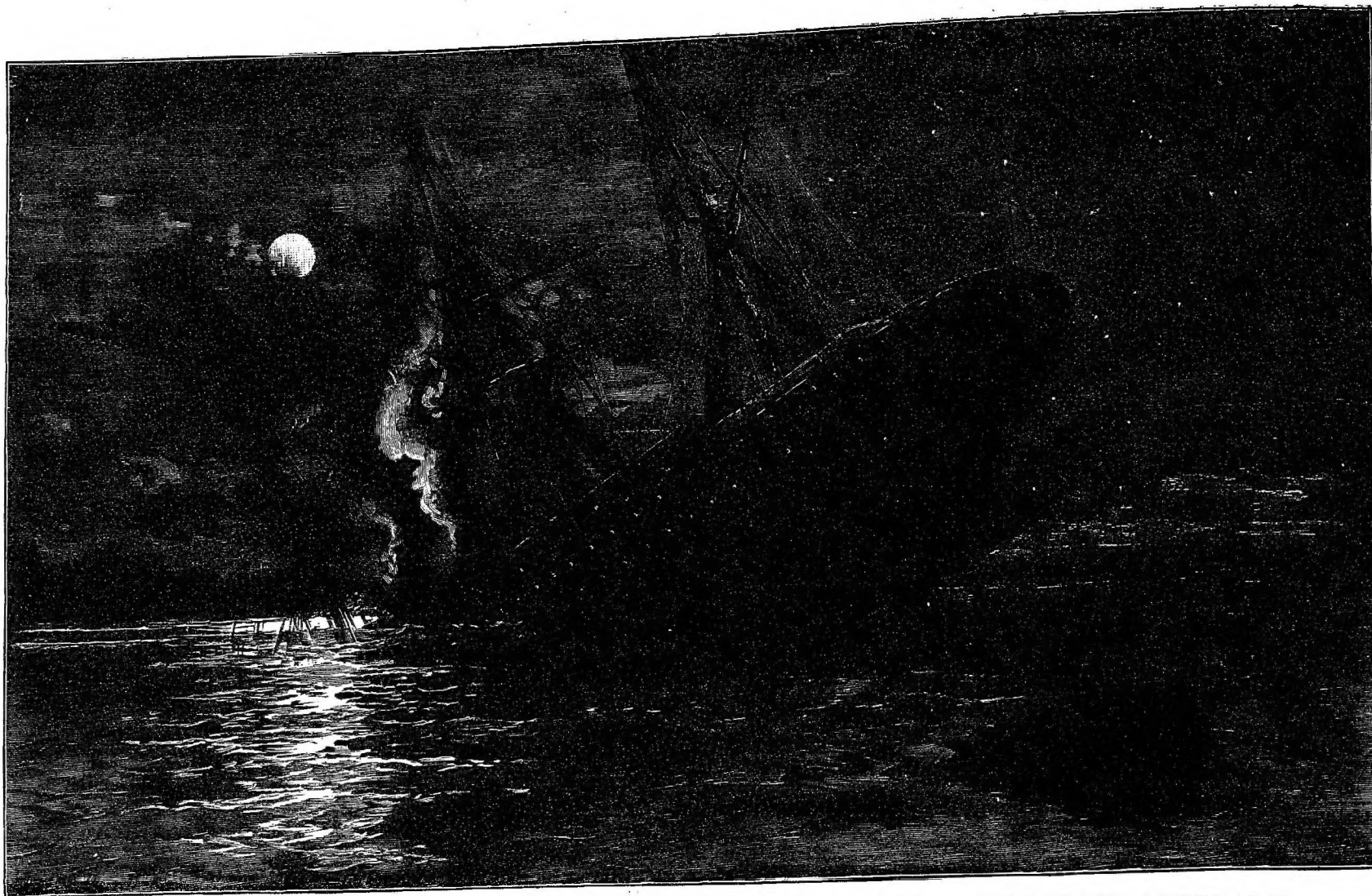
Mr. Parnell spoke for an hour and ten minutes, achieving what is certainly one of the most remarkable addresses ever delivered in similar circumstances by an important politician. He had come down with what looked like a carefully prepared speech. There were at least sheaves of foolscap notes, which were carefully assorted and handed to him in due order by his attentive secretary, Mr. Campbell. At the very outset he increased the interest by announcing his intention not only of criticising the Government Bill but of proffering an alternative scheme. The first portion of his allotted task was fairly well accomplished. It is true he appeared occasionally embarrassed by his wealth of figures. There were long pauses which sometimes threatened to involve final breakdown. Moreover, probably through overlooking one of his folios, Mr. Parnell entirely omitted to treat the question of congested districts which he had undertaken to show was ill dealt with in Mr. Balfour's Bill. Nevertheless, he managed to set forth in his forcible, incisive way all the principal arguments which the Opposition are marshalling against the Government scheme.

It was when he came to explain his own plan that some members intimately acquainted with the whole question admitted they could not make out what he was driving at. The main principle of his scheme appears to rest on the limitation of its application to tenancies not exceeding a rental of 50*l.* This, with the exclusion of large pasture lands of the North, would greatly reduce the liability of the guarantee. Mr. Parnell calculates that the Government Bill, whilst he says it does not deal with the question as a whole, involves the expenditure of 166,000,000*l.* His plan, for which he claims finality, involves a loan, backed by British credit, of only 27,000,000*l.* sterling. But whilst the Government plan is one of purchase, Mr. Parnell's scheme does not propose to make the tenant landowner. He developed quite unexpected tenderness for the Irish landlord, whom he desires to leave in possession, after he has reduced the rents of his tenants by 30 per cent. on all 50*l.* tenancies.

Mr. Parnell brought to a climax the blunders of a curiously-incoherent speech by moving that the Government Bill "be now read a second time"—a slip greeted with uproarious laughter and cheers. Of course, as he explained, he had meant to move that it be "read a second time that day six months," which is the antique formula of moving that it be read not at all. The Attorney-General for Ireland, who immediately succeeded Mr. Parnell, attempted to deal with some of his arguments. But thereafter there followed a curious, perhaps unprecedented, course of events. Here was the Irish leader proposing an alternative scheme to an important Ministerial measure dealing with Ireland. The debate went on for nearly seven hours after he had resumed his seat; and yet, with the passing exception of the Attorney-General for Ireland, not a single reference was made to it. Sir George Trevelyan studiously avoided the topic, and speakers of lesser note followed his example. On Thursday, when the debate was renewed, this reticence was no longer possible. But what was said, whether above or below the Gangway on the Opposition side, made it clear that Mr. Parnell's bolt had failed, and on the whole even the Opposition preferred Mr. Balfour's plan.

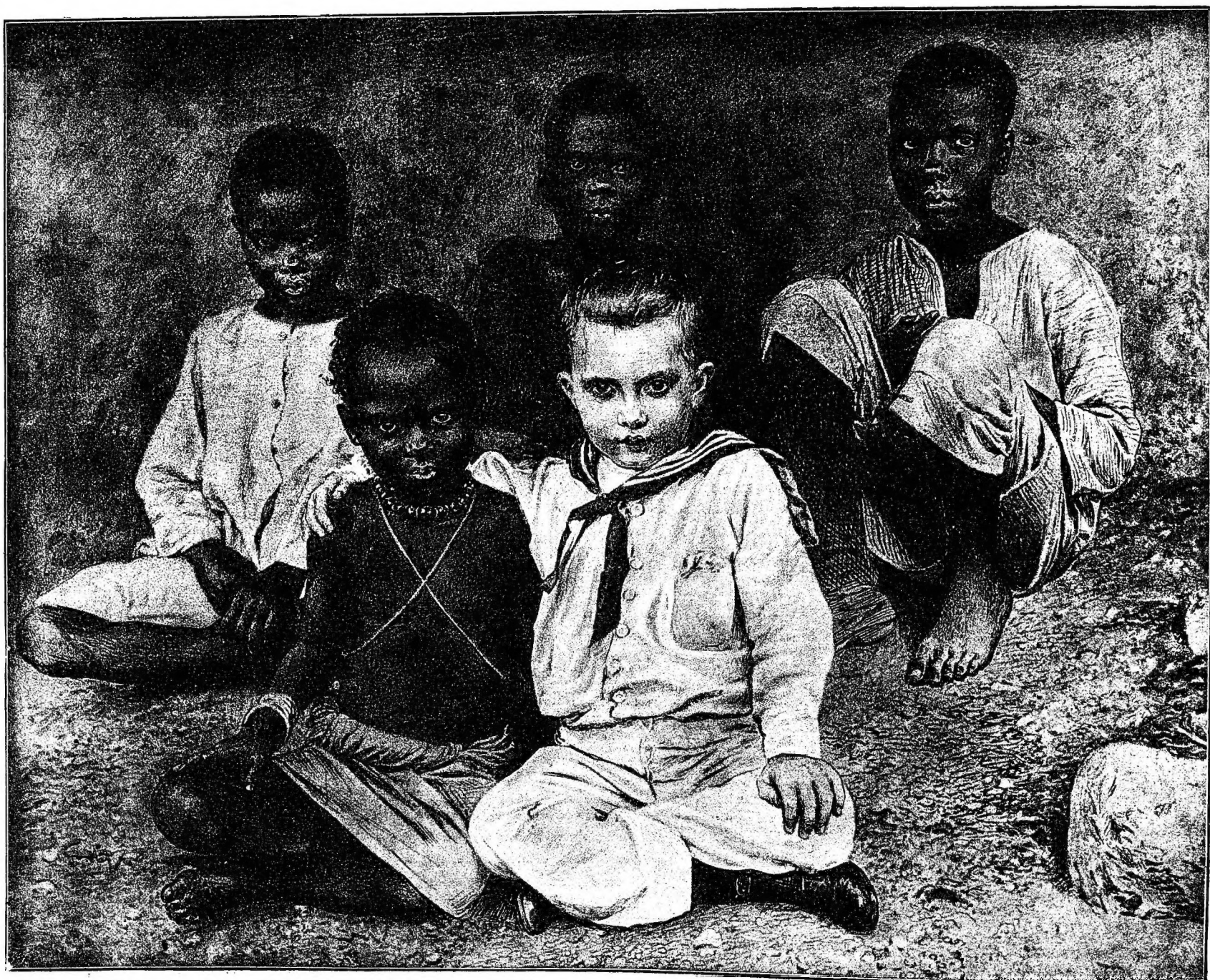
On Tuesday and Friday in this week the Government had the advantage of morning sittings, at which considerable progress has been made with business. On Tuesday the remaining resolutions were brought forward in Committee of Ways and Means, and were agreed to with a celerity that mocks the threats of sturdy opposition that had risen from various quarters. A good deal has been said about the application of the million and a-half of the surplus to the reduction of the Tea Duty by twopence a pound. This is spoken of as frittering away the surplus, it being urged that the twopence will go into the pocket of the middleman, certainly that it cannot reach that of the poorer class, who buy their tea by the ounce, or, as Mr. Goschen admitted on Tuesday, by the halfpenny packet.

But the fact that when the resolution approving the portion of the Budget relating to tea was submitted no one but Mr. Pictou stepped forward to oppose it, illustrates the unreality of the opposition the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to meet. Sir William Harcourt, it is true, said a few words; but these were chiefly designed to work off a little epigram about the Chancellor of the Exchequer having made too many small bites at too many cherries. The Resolutions were agreed to; and, although there will be a field-day of debate on the second-reading of the Budget Bill, the Budget scheme is practically approved.



THE LOSS OF THE SS. "QUETTA" OFF THURSDAY ISLAND, NORTHERN AUSTRALIA

The *Quetta* struck on an unknown rock near Somerset, Torres Straits, and sank in three minutes with the loss of 133 out of 282 persons on board. The survivors were rescued from a neighbouring island by the *Mervie England* and the *Albatross*



"BLACK AND WHITE"—LITTLE JACK, THE BOY MISSIONARY, AND HIS PLAYMATES



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

"I hope we do not disturb you. We were told to come in here," said Lucy gently.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE feelings of a bold aeronaut resolved to mount among the stars, who should find himself at starting encumbered with a companion laden with an excess of ballast against the risk of too great altitudes; insisting on keeping control of the valves; and ready with the grappling-irons to clutch at something solid on brief notice, might faintly image forth those of Adolphus Hawkins when endeavouring to raise the big balloon called Millamint, in conjunction with Mr. Clappitt. He was checked at every turn.

Mr. Clappitt's avarice, like Macbeth's ambition, let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." It was not that Mr. Clappitt had any objection to "play false" that he might "wrongly win;" what he objected to was the risk which, in this imperfect state of existence, attends the most careful and ingenious play. And then it was so difficult to make him see, as Adolphus Hawkins daily endeavoured to do, that to boggle over sixpence after having spent two shillings was to render the whole half-crown of no avail. He fought for his sixpences. But the bait of making exorbitant profits out of Millamint was irresistible.

Perhaps there is no class of persons for whom a sort of limited infallibility is more largely claimed, than "men of business." The infirmities and stupidities to which some of them are obviously liable in all other departments of life are popularly assumed to fall away from them directly they enter the charmed circle of "business." As if money-getting were a territory outside the operation of those laws which govern the play of human character elsewhere; or as if we did not witness frequent failure in even the most unscrupulous efforts to grow rich!

When Mr. Clappitt, who was known (chiefly on the strength of an all-absorbing greed, which left him comparatively indifferent to everything on earth except pounds, shillings, and pence) to be such an excellent man of business, took up the British Tea Company, several men who had twice as many brains as he, were led to do so too; arguing that old Clappitt was a deal too fond of money to run any risks; which was something like saying of a hungry wolf that he was a great deal too voracious ever to choke himself with a bone.

However, the Company was "floated," and solid cash was actually paid for shares in it. And in spite of the dead weight of old Clappitt's ignorance, avarice, and suspicion, Mr. Hawkins was for some weeks in buoyant spirits. He cherished the most extravagant anticipations of the vast sums to be made by the Company, and withstood Marie's persistent advice to sell his shares when they advanced, as they soon did, to a surprisingly high figure.

"I have a great respect for your mother-wit, my dear," said Adolphus. "And for the general brightness of your intelligence. But you don't understand business. Women never do. They are bold or timid in the wrong place. Now is the moment to be bold!"

Whereupon Marie said no more, but ordered the neat brougham, which was always at her disposal now, and drove to a jeweller's; where she expended all her sayings and every farthing of ready cash, which had been given her for the month's housekeeping, in the purchase of a diamond ring. She was a very fair judge of diamonds, and not at all likely to be cheated in the price of them.

Meanwhile Lucy Smith had justified Mrs. Hawkins's opinion of her good sense by determining to apply to the dentist of whom Mr. Clappitt had spoken. Hitherto she had found no employment that promised better, and the chief temptation to her to try this opening was that she might thus continue to live under the Hawkins's roof. For Mr. Clappitt had mentioned that the "sekkertaries" were not expected to reside on their employer's premises. They worked only during certain fixed hours of the day, and were at liberty in the evening.

The news of Sir Lionel's death had greatly affected her; but Mildred's blank silence after it, oppressed her with such a weight of loneliness as made her cling almost convulsively to this family, where she had, at least, the comfort of seeing friendly faces. She had written at once to Mildred, on hearing of Sir Lionel's death, a long letter, pouring out all her heart, and begging for a word in reply. She did not know where to direct it abroad, and sent it, therefore, to Enderby Court, where it was certain that Mrs. Griffiths, or some one in charge, would know where to forward it; and it was forwarded duly, and duly reached its destination, but not until after great delay.

Lady Charlotte, when she and Mildred left Rome, desired Mrs. Griffiths to suspend the transmission of any correspondence which might arrive at the Court until further orders. Lord Grimstock was, of course, in constant communication with his sister; and to him, as executor and trustee under Sir Lionel's will, all business communications touching the property were addressed direct. No letters were likely, Lady Charlotte opined, to be sent to Enderby Court except formal notes of condolence from distant county neighbours, or such other matters as she might well be excused from taking any immediate trouble about. They travelled slowly on Mildred's account, halting at several places along the Riviera before arriving at the villa where they were to remain until the spring.

When Lucy's letter finally reached Bordighera, Lady Charlotte recognised the handwriting at once; she was familiar with Lucy's hand from having seen it in manifold extracts and copies made for poor Sir Lionel. Lady Charlotte would not for the world have descended to suppress the letter; but she thought herself justified in keeping this one back until her niece should be stronger. Mildred was still very weak, and subject to fainting fits on any agitation.

When at length Lucy's letter was put into her hand one exquisite sunny day, as she sat in the garden gazing at the palm-trees and the lapis-lazuli plain of the Mediterranean, Sir Lionel Enderby had been dead nearly two months, and many other things had happened.

Among the rest, it had happened that Lucy Smith had called by appointment to see Mr. Tudway Didear, or, as he preferred to style himself, Professor Tudway Didear.

This gentleman lived in a large, handsome house, in a street turning northward from the western extremity of Oxford Street. The front of it was painted a deep crimson, in the most approved fashion. In summer, window-boxes full of flowers, and in winter, glass cases full of ferns adorned the windows. The plate-glass glittered. So did a large brass plate on the door bearing the words Tudway Didear, followed by a miscellaneous escort of letters of the alphabet, which—as was taken for granted by those beholders who troubled themselves to consider the matter at all—signified the various learned bodies, whereof Mr. Didear was a member by virtue of his skill in dentistry. These were nearly all foreign; a dentist, apparently, resembling a prophet, in respect of meeting scant recognition among the learned in his own country.

An imposing-looking servant, clad in a glossy suit of black, and with the correctest of white cravats, opened the door, and ushered Lucy and her companion (for she had induced Fatima to accompany her) into a gorgeous waiting-room, all gilding and red satin. Fatima passed in at once; but Lucy, catching a glimpse of other persons there, hanging over the picture-books which were strewn on the centre table, drew back, and whispered to the servant that she thought there was some mistake; she had called there by appointment; and— The man interrupted her, respectfully asking her name, and adding that the Professor was for the moment engaged, but would, doubtless receive the ladies as near as possible to the time named.

"We are not patients," said Lucy. The man stopped short and stared at her. "But you say you have an appointment, madam?"

THE GRAPHIC

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"Yes," answered Lucy, quietly. "It is about the situation of secretary."

"O-o-oh!" exclaimed the man, lengthening out the syllable, and staring at Lucy. "Then you should have rung the airy-bell! However," after a pause and a renewed stare—not performed insolently—"as you are here, I'll show you down. This way, please."

He opened a red-baize-covered swing-door, which closed a passage from the entrance hall, and Lucy and Fatima followed him.

The change from one side of that door to the other, was as great as from the vision of the Fairy Realms of Bliss beheld by a child at the pantomime, to the stage-carpenter's view of that enchanted kingdom, in a world of ropes, pulleys, flaring gas-jets, and unpainted canvas. On the hall side was fine India matting strewn with soft rugs, and adorned by massive vases full of *pot-pourri*. On the other side were bare boards, unbeautifully even by the scrubbing brush, and an odour of dry, close mouldiness ascending from the kitchen stairs.

"Just you go right down there, Miss, and speak to Mrs. Parfitt. She's the cook, but she'll know all about it. I can't stop." And thereupon the servant took his glossy broadcloth and his irreproachable cravat into the hall again. The man's intention was to be civil and serviceable, but he kept his "Madams" and his manners for the class of visitors who paid the professor, and not for those whom the professor paid.

"But what—we're going into the kitchen!" exclaimed Fatima, in a tone of strong protest.

"Certainly, since we were told to speak to the cook," replied Lucy. The absurdity of the position had some relish for her in spite of all her troubles. Whatever might be in store for her, she had not yet arrived at the pitch of depression where all sense of humour is stifled under a superincumbent weight of woe.

Into the kitchen they went, and found a decent-looking woman at tea there, with a young servant of the housemaid class.

"Are you Mrs. Parfitt?" asked Lucy, in her clear, soft tones.

"Yes, I am," answered Mrs. Parfitt, rising and rubbing her hands, and looking at Lucy with the same expression of perplexity which the man had shown. Fatima, with her wits sharpened by residence in London and the tents on the borders of Bohemia, at once drew the conclusion that no creature bearing the quality of "lady" impressed on her aspect and manners had ever descended those stairs within Mrs. Parfitt's experience.

Lucy briefly explained her errand, but added that she feared Mr. Didear would not be able to keep his appointment with her, as she had observed several persons in the waiting-room.

"Oh, that won't make no difference if he wants to see you," said Mrs. Parfitt. "The patients'll have to wait or come again. But I don't quite know—"

At this moment a shrill whistle called Mrs. Parfitt to a speaking-tube in the passage outside the kitchen door. The woman put her ear to it, listened a moment, and then said, "It's all right. One of you young ladies is Miss Smith, ain't you? Then you're to go and wait in the writing-room, please, and the Professor'll be down directly."

So saying she opened a door, desired Lucy and Fatima to enter, and went away.

They found themselves in a room which had originally been neither more nor less than the back kitchen or scullery of the house, and was so dark that the gas was kept alight there nearly all day long. This made its atmosphere heavy and suffocating, as though the breathable portion of it were on the point of being exhausted, and yet it was very far from being comfortably warm. The stone-flagged floor probably contributed to the sensation of chill which assailed the feet of those who remained there many minutes. It was covered with oil-cloth a good deal worn. In the centre of the room stood a deal table, common enough as to make and material, but somewhat uncommon as to its size, which was very large. On this table, which was splashed with ink as though it had been played upon with that fluid through a garden hose, were spread piles of printed papers, a much-thumbed "Blue Book" or directory to the genteeler parts of town, and two huge pewter ink-stands, with a few steel pens in common wooden handles. Four kitchen chairs, some pegs for hanging up hats or cloaks, and a white-faced, loud-ticking clock fixed on the wall, completed the inventory of the furniture.

Two young women were seated at the table in the act of writing, and on the floor beside each of them was placed a clothes-basket, such as washerwomen use, into which envelopes containing printed circulars were tossed as fast as they were directed; and the clothes-baskets were nearly full.

"I hope we do not disturb you. We were told to come in here," said Lucy gently.

One of the young women, a flaxen-haired, pale girl, who looked tired or sullen, or both, merely nodded. But the other one raised her eyes and said, "Not at all. Won't you sit down?" and then resumed her writing. In a minute or so no sound was heard, except the scratching of the pens and the loud, hard ticking of the clock. And then the flaxen-haired girl, throwing herself back in her chair, said wearily, "One thousand three hundred and five since Tuesday afternoon. I'm pretty nearly through my share of S. W. How have you got on, Peggy?"

"Middling," returned the girl addressed as Peggy. "I don't mean to let my feelings run away with me to the extent of giving Old Diddleum a brass farthing's worth more work than is in the bond."

The other laughed in a dreary way, and said, addressing Fatima, "I suppose it's a fair question, seeing you here: Are you applying for an engagement?"

Fatima hesitated an instant; but Lucy at once replied, "I am thinking of applying. Do you think there is a vacancy?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose so. We're rather slack just now; but there's generally plenty of work."

"Yes," said Peggy. "Old Diddleum takes care that Satan shan't find any mischief for our hands to do, if being idle gives him a chance."

At this moment a heavy step was heard descending the kitchen stairs. Both Peggy and her companion bent over their writing with sudden diligence, and presently the door was flung open, and Professor Tudway Didear marched into the room.

He was a broad heavily-built man, of middle height, with a perfectly clean-shaven face, and grizzled hair cropped short, smooth, and even all over his head, after a fashion more commonly seen on the Continent than in England. He wore ordinary morning clothes—the only peculiarity being that he had no neckcloth, and that his shirt had a broad, falling collar, fastened at the throat with a gold stud set with pearls; and on the little finger of his left hand—a strong, flexible hand, scrupulously cared for, as befits the hand of a dentist—he wore a great, showy, ruby ring. He had a bullying air of command; and Lucy noticed with surprise that the two young women not only stood up when he entered, but remained standing until he said to them curtly, "You'd better get on," when they resumed their seats and their work.

"Are you Miss Smith?" he asked, addressing Fatima.

(Fatima maintained afterwards, with perfect good humour, that they had all, from the footman to the professor, thought her plain face answered much better to the idea of a young person called Smith, and wanting to be employed by Mr. Didear, than Lucy's did.)

"Oh!" said Mr. Didear, when his error had been corrected. "It's you? Well, you wrote me a letter mentioning the name of Mr. Clappitt, eh?"

Lucy bowed.

"Here it is" (taking it from his pocket). "Wrote it yourself?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Just take a pen—give her yours, Miss Barton—and write a few words from dictation, will you?"

Lucy's sense of the ludicrous had quite overcome her first feeling of annoyance at the man's tone, and as she took the pen from the girl Peggy, her fingers shook with the effort to stifle a laugh. Not so Fatima, whose long black eyes looked very wrathfully upon these proceedings.

"Write," said Mr. Didear, clasping his hands behind his back and taking two steps in one direction and two steps back again along the wall under the clock, "the inventions applied by Professor Tudway Didear to the operations of dental surgery mark the *ne plus ultra* of odontological science achieved within the present century." That'll do. Let me see. Hah!—yes; same hand. Only you've hurried this a little. H'm! Got the *ne plus ultra* all right, I see. A young person who applied last week spelt it with a 'k.'"

This was too much for Lucy, who covered her face with her handkerchief, and made a desperate effort to convert an irresistible burst of laughter into an excusable fit of coughing.

"That was very absurd of her," she gasped, looking up at length, with eyes full of water.

Mr. Didear stood by suspicious. He did not believe in the cough at all; and he had his doubts whether all that hilarity were occasioned by the misspelling of a Latin word, which even *he*, the professor, might very likely have written wrongly if he had never seen it in print!—and yet, what else could there be for any one to laugh at? If the girl turned out a giggling fool she would not suit him; which would be a pity, since he liked her writing. It was legible, and yet not common.

"I beg your pardon," said Lucy, making a strong effort to regain her self-possession. "I must not waste your time. Do you think you should be able to give me employment?"

"I think so. At the present moment there is no great pressure; but in about a fortnight we shall be very busy—mind what you are about, Miss Barton! those lines ain't straight. I'm not going to allow crooked directions to emanate from these premises, as you ought to be aware by this time!—and then I might take you on."

"The duties are—?"

"What you see. Mainly addressing circulars. There may be a few letters occasionally, but my private secretary, upstairs, does most of that. It's a different department. Hours, from nine to one and two to six, inclusive. That's the regular thing. Extra time is extra pay."

"And the terms?" said Lucy, colouring nervously.

"The wages I pay are fifteen shillings a week. Take it or leave it. Same to all. No difference made. If any one is under the mark, I don't pay less; I get rid of 'em."

Mr. Didear did not mention what he would do in the case of any one being over the mark. But probably the hypothesis had never occurred to him.

"Thank you," said Lucy. "Then if I am disengaged in about a fortnight from this time, may I write to you?"

"Yes; or come. All engagements begin on a Monday, and are by the week; terminable at a week's notice."

"On either side, of course," said Lucy, bowing farewell to the young women at the table, and passing out of the room.

"Well," said Mr. Didear, as he followed her and Fatima up the kitchen stairs, "I should expect any one to stay and finish up a job of work if we happened to be in the thick of it. Oh, look here, I forgot to mention, you mustn't come in and out this way. There's another entrance for the employees. Parfitt will show you. But as you are up here—Rogers, show this party out."

"Good heavens, Lucy, you surely don't think of ever going near that dreadful man again!" burst out Fatima, as soon as they were clear of the house. *C'est inouï!*

Lucy laughed a little, and then looked grave. "Fatima," she said, "I have found out one thing: it is not at all enough to be willing to work, to earn your bread. I used to think it was. The pay is very little. But it would save me from eating up the last pound of my tiny capital. And, after all, I don't know that I should be a bit more unhappy directing envelopes in that back kitchen than hearing Miss Heavysides trample through the "Moonlight Sonata," or being obliged to endure Miss Cohen's contempt for my poverty and general insignificance, uttered in such an epigrammatic form as, 'Well, I'm sure! It seems beggars want to be choosers!'"

"Well," said Fatima, musingly. "Perhaps, as a stop-gap, and if you don't get a situation within a fortnight—And then you could always leave that creature directly anything better offered, couldn't you?"

"Oh yes, of course!" answered Lucy, cheerfully. She was but eighteen. And sordid troubles still appeared to her merely like parentheses in the story of life.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was characteristic of that general preparation for the unexpected which formed a large part of the Hawkins's philosophy, that none of the family expressed or felt any special surprise at seeing a girl like Lucy apparently abandoned to her fate, and left to sink or swim, a lonely waif, in the deep, black sea of London.

Lucy was often lost in wonder as she thought of it all herself, but the Hawkins's accepted such vicissitudes, both for themselves and their friends, as being part of the general constitution of things. Mr. Shard was, of course, a hard, selfish, unfeeling curmudgeon. But hard, selfish, unfeeling curmudgeons were amongst the most ordinary phenomena of life. And as to the cooling-off of Lucy's grand friends—well, really, neither was that unprecedented.

Lucy had never said a word of blame or anger, but, piecing together things she had let fall in talking of Enderby Court, and adding to them all that Mr. Shard had said when in town, Marie Hawkins had convinced herself that it was Lady Charlotte Gaunt who had arranged to send Lucy away from Westfield, and had paid Mr. Shard for getting it done. But be that as it might, it was clear that the Enderbys meant to drop Miss Smith now, at all events. All the more reason for Miss Smith to do what she could for herself. And Mrs. Hawkins, accordingly, encouraged her to accept the dentist's offer.

Lucy waited out the fortnight before making up her mind to do so. But during that time nothing in the shape of remunerative employment had presented itself. She had, indeed, been offered the entire charge of an imbecile and sickly young woman and her wardrobe, for the liberal remuneration of food and lodging, she to pay her own laundress's bill; and on declining it on the ground that she would thus have no penny for clothing or any other necessary expense, she had been somewhat severely rated by the imbecile young woman's mother, who wondered what things were coming to, when persons like Lucy turned up their noses at a good roof over their heads, and a sufficiency of wholesome victuals!

Zephany had been consulted on the subject of Mr. Tudway Didear. Zephany had been prospering lately; and his prosperity had come about chiefly through Mr. Rushmere's instrumentality. Rushmere had expressed his surprise that a man of Zephany's extraordinary attainments as a linguist should have failed to obtain permanent employment. Whereupon Zephany had replied, "My friend, extraordinary attainments are not wanted in any line of

business. A man does not want his horse to fly; he only wants him to run faster than other men's horses."

"Well, but you *can* run faster than most horses! And you are not obliged to mention that you can fly, also. No need to tell people that you could, if you pleased, write their letters for them in Greek, Arabic, Turkish, or Hebrew, as well as in German, French, Spanish, and Italian!"

"That is true," answered Zephany, candidly, with his rare smile displaying the wonderful range of teeth.

And soon after that conversation Mr. Ferdinand Zephany was installed in the post of foreign correspondent in the important City house of Steinmetz, Williams, Bauer, and Steinmetz.

This made no difference in his relations with the Hawkins's—except the characteristic difference that Zephany at once insisted on paying them a higher rent for his bedroom. He still continued to be the confidential friend and familiar inmate of the family, and the special oracle and counsellor of Fatima.

She it was who asked him to make some inquiries about Mr. Tudway Didear, and the result of them was that Zephany reported the man to be a notorious charlatan, looked down upon by all his more respectable colleagues, but nevertheless a charlatan of ability.

"He is a clever manipulator, but all his circulars, and *réclames*, and pretensions to science are pure *charlatanerie*. He is a quack and a liar," said Zephany, with his usual forcible directness.

But he did not feel justified in advising Miss Smith to refuse the dentist's offer. To him, as to the Hawkins's, "ups and downs" of fortune appeared to be very much matters of course; and he was sufficiently imbued with the tenets of Bohemia to consider the quack dentist's service every whit as desirable as that of Madame Leroux. As regards the worship of the Genteel, Zephany was a stiff-necked heretic and unbeliever.

Lucy did not choose to go to Mr. Didear's house on the Monday he had indicated without any further notice, but she sent a note to say that unless she meanwhile heard from him to the contrary, she would present herself to begin work on the following Monday morning.

Punctually at nine o'clock she rang the bell at the dentist's street door. No sooner had she done so than she remembered the servant's admonition on the former occasion that she should have rung the "airy bell." However, she could but stand her ground now, and wait until Rogers should appear. Rogers did not appear. (She learned afterwards that that black-coated functionary was only engaged for the hours during which Mr. Didear received his patients.) The door was opened by a housemaid, who was sweeping and dusting the hall.

Before Lucy could say a word this woman exclaimed, "Laws, if I didn't just guess it was you! The Professor told Miss Barton you was coming to-day. But you hadn't ought to be ringing at this door. I should catch it if he knew you got in the front way."

"But," said Lucy, mildly, "I don't know any other way."

"Well, come along in. Praps he didn't hear the ring, as he's at his fiddling; and if he says anything I shall just tell him it was a parcel for Mrs. Parfitt rung the wrong bell by mistake."

As Lucy passed through the hall, she was aware of a droning, vibrating sound, like the buzz of a gigantic blue-bottle; and when the red-baize door was closed behind her and the friendly housemaid, the latter said—

"It's a mercy he's got that cheller to let off some of his over-bearingness on."

"What is it he has?" asked Lucy, doubtfully.

"A cheller—violin cheller," answered the housemaid, making the action of drawing a bow across the strings. "He plays it by the hour, setting up in his bedroom in a flannel gown. Sometimes he begins at six in the morning. I suppose it does wear off some of his aggrance. Not that I should take any of his sauce, if he offered it to me; nor yet Mrs. Parfitt wouldn't. But the way he does bully that Miss Saunders, that he calls his private secretary, words can't depicture. You underground young ladies," continued the housemaid, thus designating the inferior scribes by an ingenious periphrasis, "are better off than her. He can't keep bouncing up and down the kitchen stairs twenty times in the hour, like he bounces in and out of the back parlour to worry Miss Saunders."

Lucy found Miss Peggy Barton and the flaxen-haired girl, whose name was Jones, hanging up their hats and cloaks in the room where they wrote; and they returned her salutations with civility, but with a certain distance, and something like an air of mistrust.

"Could you," asked Lucy, hesitatingly, "be so kind as to tell me what I ought to do first?"

"Oh, yes," answered Miss Barton; "old Diddleum don't intend you to waste your time whilst he pays for it. He gave me this bundle ready for you on Saturday night. You've got to write 'With Professor Tudway Didear's compliments' at the top of all these circulars—pushing a packet across the table towards her—"and when you've finished them, you're to direct the envelopes from that list of addresses marked with a blue pencil in the directory; and then you're to write at the top of the circulars on pink paper, 'With Tudway Didear's respectful compliments,' and they're to be addressed from the lists marked in red. So there's your work cut out for you."

Lucy took the circulars, and began to write. The other two girls kept silence, but cast scrutinising glances at her from time to time as she plied her pen. At length Miss Barton said—

"You're a quick writer, ain't you?"

"I think I am," answered Lucy, looking up with a little smile.

Something in her face determined Peggy Barton to speak frankly—

"Look here," she said; "don't you get that first lot of circulars done before one o'clock, whatever you do; else old Diddleum will expect us all to do the same; and that would be awfully rough on Isabel Jones, who's a slow writer by nature, and if she hurries, her hand gets illegible."

"There you go, Peggy!" said Isabel Jones in a warning voice.

"Oh, bother!" returned the lively Peggy. "Miss Smith won't tell. She isn't that sort. Why if we didn't stick together a little, old Diddleum would eat us up alive. If we don't put some sort of a limit to our work he'll never put one for us. We don't want to be unfair, Miss Smith," pursued Peggy, watching Lucy's face. "You see Diddleum considers what we do a fair amount for the day, else he'd never put up with it, you may bet your boots. But we *have* to make up our minds to get through so much, and no more. He's one of the too-clever-by-half's, he is! If he treated people like Christians they wouldn't grudge him good measure. But as it is, I make a rule, Miss Smith, to lay my pen down at the stroke of one by that clock, even if I'm in the middle of a word. And you'll find you'll have to do it too."

"I will divide this heap of papers, and see what proportion of them I can get through in half an hour," said Lucy. "Then I shall be able to calculate my rate of work, and compare it with yours."

Peggy nodded approvingly, observing that she had been sure Miss Smith was the right sort, and even Miss Jones looked a little more cheerful. And after that, they worked with very little further interchange of words, until the white-faced clock struck one, when they laid down their pens, and prepared to eat their luncheon.

Lucy had brought a packet of sandwiches with her, and the other girls pulled out some cold meat and bread from their little black bags; and Mrs. Parfitt was petitioned to supply them with a jug of

water and three tumblers. Lucy spread the clean white napkin in which Fatima had enveloped her paper parcel of sandwiches over one end of the table for a cloth, and invited the others to share that luxury with her; a little attention which was received with an effusiveness that surprised her.

"Thank you, Miss Smith," said Peggy Barton, laying her bread and meat neatly on a square of clean paper, placing the whole on the napkin, and surveying the effect with complacency.

"Don't it look nice, Isabel? Old Diddleum would like us to eat out of a trough like pigs; unless he'd like better that we didn't eat at all!"

"May I ask," inquired Lucy, feeling that general good-fellowship had been established, "Why you call Mr. Didear 'old Diddleum?'"

Peggy burst into a hearty young laugh. "Oh," she said, "because he diddles people; cheats them, you know. It isn't very elegant. But how could you say anything elegant of him?"

"I tell Peggy," remarked Miss Jones, in her slow, throaty voice, "that she'll forget herself some day, and call him Diddleum to his face."

"I nearly did once," said Peggy, with a fresh burst of laughter; "and if it wasn't for mother, I should wish I had. If it wasn't for mother, I'd never enter his horrid old den again the longest day I have to live. But mother's an invalid, and we have to eke out the little she's got somehow. And you see the good of this place is that I can go home at six and look after mother, and give her her tea, and stop with her. Otherwise, Miss Smith, there have been moments when I could have knocked him down and trampled on him, only for mother!"

The picture of Peggy Barton—who was a short, slight, little creature—felling Mr. Tudway Didear to the earth was a sufficiently comical one. Lucy laughed, and observed that the Professor was more obliged to Mrs. Barton than he had any idea of.

"Oh, of course it's only the feeling. I couldn't really do it, I know; but I do feel like a raging tigress sometimes, Miss Smith," said Peggy, shaking the crumbs off, and folding up the napkin neatly.

"I shouldn't think any one would come here from choice," remarked Isabel Jones. "When Bill gets a situation—that's my second brother—I shan't come any more; father says so. Father's a working jeweller, but he can't always work because of the asthma; and, with six at home, of course he can't afford to keep us all idle. But when once Bill's earning, good-bye to Mr. Tudway Didear. I wouldn't come back of my own free will, not if he offered me five pound a week and a four-wheeler to fetch me morning and evening," concluded Miss Jones, conscious of having uttered a strong hyperbole, but one which was not too strong to express her feeling.

"I suppose you do it for pocket-money?" said Peggy, with a little hesitation.

"I?" returned Lucy. "I do it because I am very poor, and must earn my bread."

"No! Why, dear me! Isabel and I made up our minds when we saw you the other day that you were a swell that had just taken a fancy to get some money for gloves or something."

"Indeed, I am very far from being a 'swell,'" replied Lucy, with a smile.

"You're a lady," said Peggy Barton, quickly. "I don't set up to be anything grand myself, but of course I can see that you are a lady."

Lucy made no answer; it was just two o'clock, and work must be resumed. But as she presented Mr. Tudway Didear's compliments, in her neatest characters, she could not help reflecting, with some wonder, on the difference between poor Peggy Barton, in her shabby frock and worn shoes, and Miss Cohen, who cost her parents a hundred and fifty guineas a year at Madame Leroux's fashionable boarding-school.

When six o'clock came, she found that her shoulders ached, and her hand felt stiff, and her head heavy. The constrained posture, to which she was unused, was fatiguing, and the close atmosphere of the room was very oppressive.

"You must show me the way out, please," she said, when the others were getting ready to go away. "Otherwise I shall not know where to get admittance to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the irrepressible Peggy, "and a very nice way it is, to make ladies walk through the mews in all weathers!"

"The mews!"

"Yes; the mews. All among the stable litter, and the wet coach-wheels spinning round to give you a shower-bath, and the grooms passing their remarks. No wonder you look astonished. But that's the way we have to come, if we want to be let in at all. Oh, you don't know half the charms of the place yet. To-day has been a day of peace. Old Diddleum hasn't been down once. But—well, I dare say you'll have the pleasure of a visit from him before long."

Sure enough, they left the house by a backdoor which led directly into some mews behind it. Emerging thence, they came up a side-alley into the street adorned by Mr. Tudway Didear's crimson *façade*. Miss Barton and Miss Jones made Lucy observe certain landmarks—such as the number of lamp-posts from the corner, and a house with newly painted railings opposite—so that she might not miss her way on the morrow. And then they bade her good night, and walked away together.

As they went, Lucy heard Peggy Barton say to her companion, "Mother's sure to have the kettle boiling. She's always so glad to see me back. That's the good bit of the day." And she thought that if she had a mother to welcome her home—a mother whom she might tend, and for whom she might work, all the hardships would be cheaply purchased.

Peggy's threadbare shawl, and rusty hat, and boots pervious to the street mud, were transfigured into something precious, in the light of loving duty; and Lucy was conscious of envying her lot as she looked after the commonplace little figure through a mist of unshed tears.

(To be continued)

MINOR CRUSTACEAN DAINTIES

FEW, except those persons who take part in the work of their collection and distribution, have any definite idea of the enormous quantities of the minor crustaceans—prawns and shrimps—which are yearly consumed. Douglas Jerrold, on one occasion, computed that at least thirty thousand persons living in the "Great Metropolis" would indulge in a penny or two pennyworth of shrimps to their Sunday breakfast or tea—"and that," said Jerrold, "means the consumption in one day of probably more than a million of these palatable little creatures."

Positively enormous numbers of the smaller shell fish are sold in London. Some years since, when the figures were inquired into, the sales of periwinkles in the streets of London amounted to about 4,000,000 pints in the year, which gave a supply of one pint to every unit of the population of the period resident in the "mighty wen," with an allowance of a few over for strangers within the gates. The number of "winkles" annually disposed of is prodigious, being estimated at the rate of two hundred to the measure named. Whelks being much larger than "winkles" are sold individually. When the writer, at the time of the Fishery Exhibition, inquired into the extent of the sales, the London street dealers disposed of over 4,000,000 annually, while at the same time enormous numbers were required by hook fishermen, whelks being a favourite bait. Of cockles, 1,000,000 quarts used to change hands at Billingsgate, whilst the figures of the shrimp supply, could they be accurately ascertained, would seem incredible. "Millions upon millions" of the various minor shell fish used to be sold, and still are, by the costermongers, but no record can be obtained showing how the demand is met, but it is computed that the retail value of the total will be close upon a quarter of a million sterling.

The prawn is more fashionable than the humble shrimp, which, speaking figuratively, is the favourite shell fish of "St. Giles." The prawn, like its giant relative the lobster, frequently cuts a figure on fashionable bills of fare. It can be presented at table in a dozen different fashions—in soups, in stews, and in curries, as may be gathered from the cookery manuals of the period, whilst the concoctor of piquant sauces has a large share of affection for this much-appreciated member of the shell-fish family. Of the crustaceans and molluscs dainties that have been named, other cities than London also demand constant supplies. The inhabitants of Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds are as fond of shrimps and prawns, of cockles and whelks as their brethren who obtain supplies from the perambulating "coster" of London. Persons dwelling in our great provincial seats of population are industrious consumers of cockles and whelks and such other fruit of the sea as they can purchase. It is not, perhaps, generally known—in Scotland, for instance, prejudice is strong against them—that whelks are good for food in an eminent degree, and form a really nutritious dish when nicely stewed and seasoned. Fisher-women in some places feed their children fat upon them, and an intelligent fisherman on one occasion told the writer that a dozen of these shell fish, stewed with bits of bread, did him as much good as a "big beef steak." Pickled whelks are largely eaten in London. At one time, those who dealt in cooked whelks used to make a good profit by vending their stores in public houses, where they were abundantly purchased as a capital relish to the beer consumed by the frequenters of such places. Mr. Charles Harding, of King's Lynn, stated at one of the "fishery conferences" of 1883, that the fishery there supplies whelks to London of the annual value of about ten thousand pounds sterling.

Returning to the humble shrimp, a few more words may be given about its commercial history. It has been calculated that over all the three kingdoms probably not less than 300,000 pints of this crustacean will be sold during the year; it is in season, somewhere or other, all the year round, "shrimping" being always in progress on some part of the English coast, where hereditary fishers for that popular shell-fish may be constantly seen at work. It is not a little curious that sons regularly succeed fathers in many branches of fishing; at Leigh, families may be found who, their ancestors included, have been shrimping through several generations. They are, so to say, enamoured of the business, and continue, by means of their little nets, to plough the sands, season after season, from youth to old age. Shrimpers, when the tide recedes, proceed to business day after day, capturing all they find; and it is wonderful that although shrimping has been in active operation for forty or fifty years, in the course of which period hundreds of millions must have fallen a prey to the industrious fisherman, tens of thousands still continue day by day to reach the markets. Boats are, of course, required to reach distant fishing-banks, but these, when fished, yield at times quite prodigious supplies, especially when sand-banks which have not been frequented for a little time are ventured upon; on such the shrimpers will be munificently rewarded with rich hauls of the "Undine of the waters."

The shrimp is found on almost every part of the English coast. Colonies of shrimpers find employment at some place or other nearly all the year round. At Morecambe, for instance, the writer has seen half a hundred persons at work catering for the populous places of Lancashire. Boats' crews from Furness also take an active part in the business, earning for division a few thousands per annum. At Yarmouth there is a fleet of fifty sail of shrimpers, each of about two tons, which commence work in February, and keep at it briskly for four or five months; at Harwich and Liverpool, also, the industry of shrimping is well known, and at particular periods of the year there will be thousands of persons engaged in the work. Upon asking a large commission-agent once upon a time, when visiting Great Grimsby, how many shrimps and prawns would be captured in a year, he replied, "I defy you to figure the number; the annual take would in a year, I believe, fill an Atlantic steamship"—a rather rough and ready way of estimating the supply.

The natural history of the prawn and shrimp, of which there are several varieties, is interesting; like crabs and lobsters they change their covering as they grow, being able, at the proper time, to throw off their old coat and grow a new one. The prawn, it is said, derives its name from the serrated prong which juts out from its eyes. Shrimps of different localities have each distinctive values; Leigh crustaceans still command the highest prices, and bring considerably more money than those sent from Yarmouth and other localities. Epicures in shell fish prefer red shrimps, whilst the taste of "the masses," as exemplified by the demand, leans to the brown variety. Shrimps are, as a rule, boiled before being sent to market, and those whose business it is to capture them complain sadly of not obtaining better prices; but railway carriage is high, whilst boilers, buyers, and other agents must have their commission.

The money earned by shrimpers is rather more now than it formerly used to be, but varies with the rate of supply; the brown kinds bring the best prices. The writer has seen two or three thousand gallons of shrimps brought to Billingsgate, and disposed of in quick time; it is wonderful, indeed, to see how smartly a clearance of such quantities of stuff is accomplished. Some of the more active of the London costermongers used to earn a fairly good living by selling the various kinds of shell fish as they came in season. At one period lobsters could be purchased for a few pence each, and crabs were still cheaper. Whilst visiting Billingsgate, an old acquaintance said to the writer that times were greatly changed, that he did not now carry lobsters, "they was too dear for his customers to buy," and, telling his story, he continued, "it takes hard work now for me and the missus here to make eighteen or twenty bob a-week, but there's a many of us working now, and the competition is just awful; besides you see, sir, the swell fish

shops even supply winkles and mussels as well, and cooks in the big houses of the West End think that mussel sauce is as good as oyster sauce; twenty years ago, sir, gentlemen's cooks turned up their noses at mussels—they didn't know then how good they was."

Of the hundreds, or to be nearer the mark, thousands of crustaceans known to naturalists, only a small percentage are used for food. The river crayfish is, however, becoming more common in the shops of our fishmongers than it used to be several years ago. On the Continent, the capture and sale of this animal has given rise to a considerable trade. It is now put to many culinary uses. In the days of that great chef, M. Ude, "Potage à la Bisque d'Ecrevisses," now so common, "was sent to table on gala days only when a frequent change of soups is necessary." This miniature lobster is preferred in France to its bigger brother, and great quantities are brought to Paris and London from Germany *via* Berlin; at certain seasons thousands of them may any day be seen on the fish-stalls of the Halles Centrales, as many as from six to seven thousand being despatched from the capital of Germany by one train. The sea-cray, or crawfish, is eaten in London, and is plentifully shown in the shellfish shops of the metropolis, but it is not admitted into "Society;" it has not yet become fashionable, although it is susceptible of being converted into most delicious soup, and might form as good a basis for turtle soup as the conger eel is said to do.

J. G. B.



ON THE FARM things present a generally favourable appearance. Wheat is looking well, and an excellent plant; only in places has the dry weather favoured the extension of wireworm. Barley and oats sown in March are now up and showing a good strong blade. There is, however, some sowing still to do, as the sheep had not entirely cleared off the roots on many farms even so recently as a week ago. The season has favoured the sheepfold. There is a good fall of lambs with the breeds that are now bearing, while in the earlier flocks there have been fewer losses than usual. The young grasses are weak and in need of rain, but hay holds out well, and the mangold and swede clumps are not yet exhausted. Rye and tares are coming on nicely, but winter beans, which promised highly a month ago, have rather gone off since Easter.

IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND there has been more rain than we have had who dwell with our faces to the North Sea. Cows are already being sent out to graze, and the pastures are coming on well, though they are not so thick as last year. Calving season is nearly over, and there are not many complaints or losses. Cheese-making is in full swing, and the milk-supply is good; but the low prices now quoted in the cheese-market have caused much discouragement, and restricted production. There is a wonderful fall of lambs in Somerset, Gloucester, and all up the Wye valley. Several flocks of 100 ewes have 150 lambs. Losses have been greater from the long-wooled breeds than from the others, and farmers attribute it to the lambs sucking or biting the wool from and round the udder. Work with fallows is well forward.

FRUIT GROWING.—We are glad to see that the British Fruit Growers' Association have just organised a system of sending competent lecturers to visit particular districts, and give instruction in fruit culture, especially with respect to those improvements which have been learnt from France and Belgium. There is much ignorance and much confusion among English fruit growers, who yet are a very enthusiastic craft, eager to extend and glorify their art. Few, in fact, go in for fruit growing without having a natural liking that way, and the Association therefore are likely to be sowing their teaching in kindly soil. The difficulty of securing a remunerative market is one which the Association should now take in hand, for the difficulties which overwhelm an individual grower may often be conquered by a combination.

SALES OF CORN continue liberal for the time of year. Wheat sales in recent years have ranged, in April, from 40,000 to 50,000 qrs. at the weekly statute markets. This year they have been 119,000 qrs. in a fortnight. Barley sales have varied in the last five years more widely, from 5,000 up to 24,000 qrs. This year they have been ranging from 12,000 to 19,000 qrs. Of oats from 3,000 to 7,000 qrs. have usually been sold, but from 6,000 to 8,000 qrs. is now the range. Wheat prices, however, are only 2d. lower than last year, while barley is 4s. 7d., and oats 10d. dearer on the twelvemonth. The rise in barley is due to the increased proportion of malting samples. The abundance of cheap foreign maize at under 20s. per 480 lbs. is an advantage to the stock and horse-owner. Beans and peas are also cheap.

FROM SCOTLAND we hear that there are about the country large reserves of turnips and potatoes which it is difficult to dispose of. The potatoes, especially, are selling at a miserable price. Many farmers, however, have been feeding them to stock with success, as boiled with other food in a mash they are most healthy, and are thoroughly enjoyed by the animals. The haystacks are not yet all used up, and they are being freely fed to stock, thus saving the pastures and letting them gain in strength. The lambing on hill-farms is progressing most satisfactorily. All kinds of sheep are dear, and the flock-owners are making money.

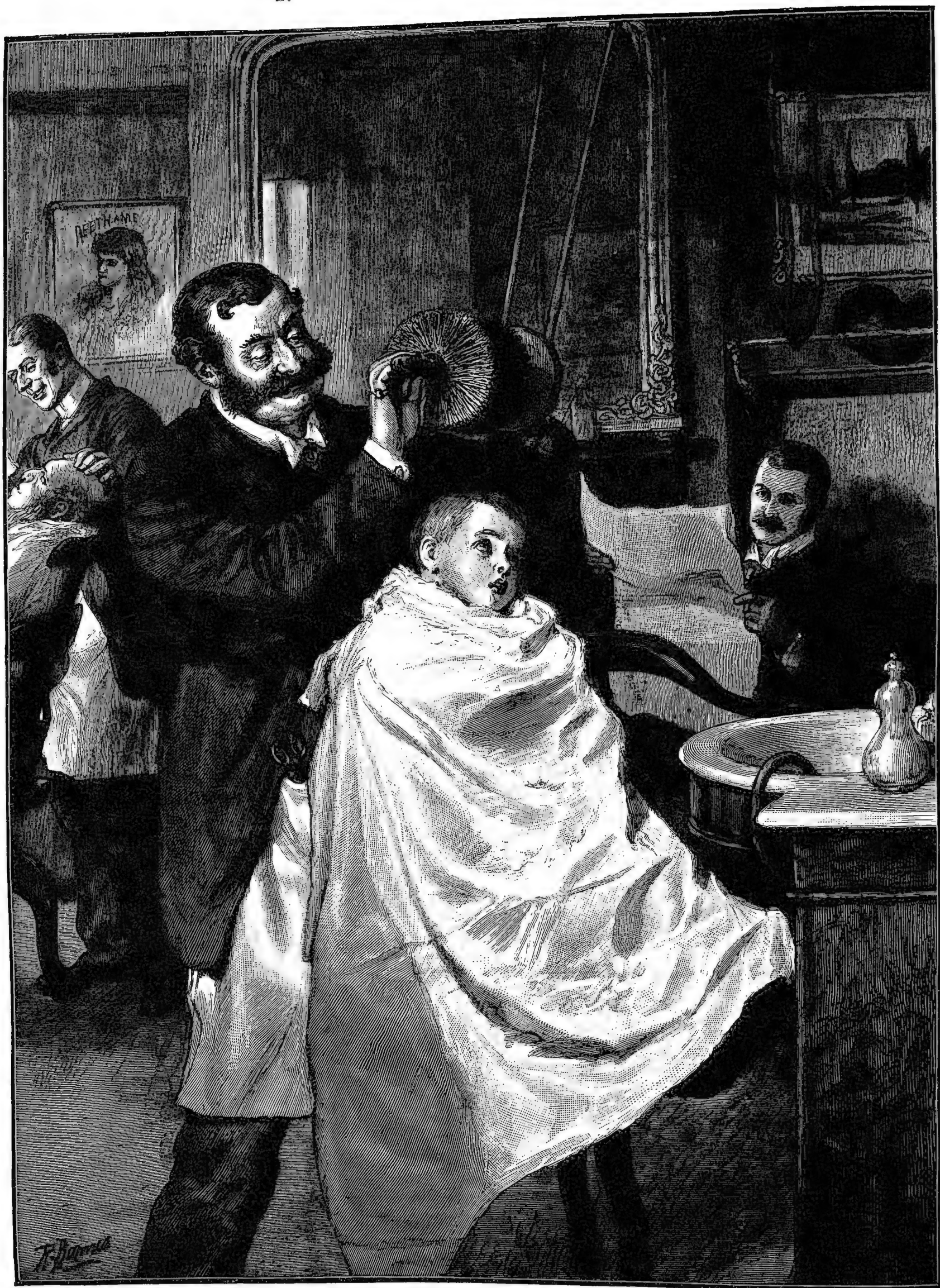
A COUNTRY HOUSE of average size (what is the average size of a country house?) is, according to a writer in a contemporary composed—among other things, we presume—of 22,500 bricks. Now "the common brick"—the term of depreciation is our contemporary's—is capable in itself of absorbing half a pint of water. Thus, "the edifice might really contain 2,800 gallons of water, or fourteen tons by weight." This, we are kindly told, "might happen from rising wet, for, by capillary action, water will thus attain (query, ascend?) in a wall to a height of thirty feet." After this alarming announcement, we fully expect to see auctioneers advertising "Country Mansion for sale. Capillary action entirely suspended;" or, at least, "Eligible Country Villa. No Common Brick."

THE BOARD OF TRADE has again mystified merchants by calling for weekly reports of the grain sales of English produce from 196 scheduled towns—lately the number was 187, before 150, and previously 200. As a consequence the present returns will not compare with former statistics, and fresh confusion is introduced where before it was complex and unsatisfactory. The bulk of wheat sold in this country is imported, and so influences the sale of the lesser quantity grown in England. On which account a return of sales, say from ten markets, of all the wheat sold—home and foreign—would furnish a more reliable guide to value than 196 returns which are based solely upon local samples.

PRINCE BISMARCK is preparing to write his memoirs. Two private secretaries are installed at Friedrichsruh to assist him in the task, one being a doctor, the assistant of his own physician Professor Schweninger, and the other a young Hamburger, to whom the Prince has taken a great fancy. Prince Bismarck's new title has been used officially for the first time in his Commission as a Cavalry-General, which is made out in the name of "Prince Otto von Bismarck, Duke of Lauenburg."

THE SPREAD OF BRITISH INFLUENCE and commerce in Persia makes the Russians jealous and uneasy. Accordingly, plans are being formed to counteract the British power, by establishing a Russian bank at Teheran, a permanent Muscovite Exhibition at Barfush, and a special Agency at Ispahan to watch the English Agent. The Russians also want to obtain the concession of the railway from Teheran to Mashhad-i-Sar.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT at Ajaccio was visited with much solemnity by the French President when in Corsica this week. The house is a common-place dwelling of two pavilions, situate in the narrow Rue St. Charles, in the old part of the town, and facing a tiny square, the Place Letitia, laid out with flowers. Over the doorway is a marble tablet recording the date of Napoleon's birth—August 15th, 1769—and the interior is dark and gloomy, with small rooms and brick floors. Upstairs is the room where Napoleon was born, while Napoleon III., in later years, occupied the next apartment, which now contains a bust of the Prince Imperial. Various Bonapartist souvenirs are collected in the house, such as a quaint old spinet—the only one of its kind then known in Corsica—with its yellow keys, Napoleon's bed, a sedan-chair in which Madame Letitia, his mother, was carried from church, and so forth.



HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE BARBER'S—"HARD OR MEDIUM, SIR?"

LITERARY MISTAKES AND MYSTIFICATIONS

The elder Disraeli has an article in one of his chatty, but, unfortunately, not wholly accurate, books on the "Follies of the Learned." I propose to bring together a few of the Mistakes of the Learned, or of those whom the world has accepted as belonging to that illustrious class.

For example, there was a certain learned Florentine of the fifteenth century, Acciajuoli, who translated some of Plutarch's "Lives," and wrote a life of Charlemagne. As these works were frequently bound up together, Giorgio Wocelino, who had left chronology out of the circle of his accomplishments, referred to the life of Charlemagne as "translated from the Greek of Plutarch."

The story of the Duke of Newcastle, who did not know that Cape Breton was an island, may be paralleled by one of the geographers, Prudhomme, who, in his "Dictionnaire Universel," makes Dordrecht a town in England. Charles II. of Spain scarcely knew what territories he ruled over beyond the Pyrenees; and, when the great fortress of Mons was taken by the French, displayed the completest indifference, from a belief that Mons, like Prudhomme's Dordrecht, was in England.

A theologian—his name I know not—being asked the signification of the word "Cabal," replied that it was the name of a wretch, of a human fiend, who had written against the Saviour. The origin of the word was long traced to the initials of the titles of Charles II.'s notorious Ministers—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale. It was certainly applied to that most infamous of English Governments; but it is simply the French *cabale*, which is derived from the Hebrew Kabbalah ("something received," or "a tradition").

The French poet, Boileau, having translated the essay of Longinus "On the Sublime," was revered by a gentleman of the Court as a great chemist, and complimented on his treatise on "The Sublimate!" This reminds one of the lady who, on Guibert's publishing his "Tactic Militaire," informed the author that she had read his "Tic-tac," and found it charming.

When Johnson was compiling his Dictionary, he invited the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* to assist him, if they could, with the etymology of the word "curmudgeon." He had not long to wait for the desired information, which he epitomised in his Dictionary in form and manner following: "Curmudgeon, noun substantive, a vicious way of pronouncing *cœur méchant*—an unknown correspondent." The compiler of a later Dictionary adopted Johnson's explanation with a difference: "Curmudgeon (he wrote), from the French words *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, correspondent." Evidently when a man decks himself out with stolen articles, he should be content to wear them as their owner wore them.

The "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, which has proved the fruitful parent of so many imaginary voyages, was supposed by the learned Budæus to be fact and not fiction, and he gravely proposed that missionaries should be sent to convert the inhabitants of More's ideal island. Disraeli professes that long after the appearance of "Gulliver's Travels" a considerable portion of the public believed in their authenticity; but I confess such credulity seems to me almost incredible. It is more certain that Defoe's "Journal of the Plague" was received as a true narrative; and his "Memoirs of a Cavalier" have been quoted (perhaps not altogether without warrant) as an historical authority. Helberg, the Norwegian novelist, having written a satire with the title of "Subterranean Travels of Nicklim," a German geologist cited it in support of his theory of the earth's strata.

Pope, in his edition of "Shakespeare," referred the plot of *Measure for Measure* to one of the "Novellas" of Cinthio—dec. 8., nov. 5, that is decade 8., novel 5. Bishop Warburton, in his edition, expressed the abbreviations in full, as thus:—December 8., November 5.

Kelly, the musical composer and wine merchant, whom Sheridan preferred to describe as a "composer of wine and importer of music," reproached Rousseau for having written of Paris as "a city of noise, smoke, and mud, where the women no longer believe in honour, nor the men in virtue." He mistook the lines for poetry, and quoted, and printed them, not without improvements of his own, as the verses of J. B. Rousseau, whereas they are prose, and occur in the "Héloïse" of the immortal Jean Jacques.

One of the most curious literary mystifications of which I have read was carried out in the eighteenth century by an Italian author named Gigli. He published a handsome quarto volume at Siena, with the imposing title of "Relazione del Collegio Petroniano, aperto in Siena nel 1719" (Account of the Collegio Petroni, inaugurated at Siena in 1719). In this work he described, with the utmost elaboration of detail, an institution which had never existed, attributing the scheme of it to Petroni, a cardinal of the thirteenth century, and pretending that it had recently been carried to completion. Its object was, he said, to provide that, after a certain time, Latin should be the only language spoken, not alone in Siena but throughout Italy. According to Gigli, the Government had provided a splendid building. Young nurses who spoke nothing but Latin had been drawn from Poland, Hungary, and Germany, and the infant children of the principal families of Siena had been placed in their charge. The names of the nurses and of the families to which the children belonged, the Latin speeches delivered on the installation of the nurses and the administrative staff—all this was given *in extenso* in Gigli's work, which obtained a wonderful success. In all parts of Italy, and in many European countries, there was a general belief that Siena rejoiced in the possession of a college the professors of which were Latin-speaking nursemaids, and the aim of which was to revive in all its purity the language of Cicero. What Gigli gained by his practical joke is not very clear, except that he laughed in his sleeve at the ease with which the public was duped. This, however, is a fact that was discovered long before his time, and might have been proved without so elaborate a mystification.

Similar mystifications are not unknown in English literature. As late as 1843 an attempt was made to impose upon the public the concluding cantos of Byron's *Don Juan*, accidentally discovered (so it was said) at Venice. Everybody remembers Ireland's attempt to add to the Shakespearian dramas a tragedy which he called *Vortigern*; and the mystification in which the late J. Payne Collier was involved, the emendations in Shakespeare's text by a mysterious annotator, name unknown, is not yet forgotten. To the same category belong "The Squire Papers," which deceived even Carlyle, and were treated by him as authentic in his first edition of "The Speeches and Letters of Cromwell." A painful interest attaches to the Rowley poems forged by Chatterton, at the age of sixteen, the "marvellous boy" who perished in his pride. I have used the word "forged," but it seems too harsh. After all Chatterton did no more than has been done by hundreds of authors, so far as the Rowley fiction was concerned. When he invented false pedigrees, and simulated ancient manuscripts, he entered upon different ground.

Not even the faintest idea now survives of the clamour of voices which once raged over the imaginary grave of the fictitious Ossian. It was in 1760 that the Scotch schoolmaster, James Macpherson, published his memorable "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Scottish Highlands, and translated from the Erse or Gaelic language." The venture proved amazingly successful. There was a freshness about it—a savour of the seas and mountains—that stimulated the appetite of a jaded public, dulled by the commonplace of the versifiers of an unpoetical period. A rumour got about that in the glens of Scotland further "fragments" might be

discovered, and a subscription was raised to defray the cost of an exploration by Mr. James Macpherson. In literature, as in anything else, the public have only to put the money down, and the article they require will be forthcoming. Macpherson "discovered" additional poems, which he published in two volumes, text and translation, in 1765. By degrees, however, doubt arose as to the authenticity of the Macpherson "find." Audacious critics there were who hesitated not to accuse the Scotch schoolmaster of having foisted poems of his own upon the public under cover of the magical name of Ossian. Thence arose a long and vehement controversy, the great Ossianic quarrel, in which Johnson was among the assailants, while among the defenders were Dr. Blair, and the poet Gray, and Cesarotti. Whether original or fictitious, the strains about Fingal and Morven were not worth "the sensation" they excited; but there is now little doubt, I suppose, that the structure reared by Macpherson was founded upon some authentic songs and lyrics of the Gael.

D. A.

THE "FATHER DAMIEN" OF ROBBER ISLAND

As is well-known, there exists on Robben Island, about two hours' run from Cape Town, South Africa, a large colony of lepers. The leprosy in South Africa is said to be of a worse type than that found in Norway and other places. The heads of the sufferers swell to an enormous size, and present a terrible spectacle. After the disease reaches a certain stage, however, the victims suffer but little, and sometimes die off very quickly. Happily, like the lepers at Molokai, those at Robben Island have found a good man to devote his life to them. The Rev. A. R. M. Wilshire, whose portrait (from a photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton) we reproduce below, is about sixty-eight years old, and has been labouring in his present sphere for about thirteen years. He was formerly a



THE REV. A. R. M. WILSHIRE,
Missionary to the Lepers at Robben Island, South Africa

Rous Exhibitioner of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1845. During the Crimean War he was Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, and he afterwards held the living of Claremont, near Cape Town. This he resigned in 1877, however, in order to devote himself to labouring for the spiritual and earthly comfort of the poor leper-outcasts of South Africa. He is now partially paralysed, it is said to hear, but heroically refuses to resign his post, in which he hopes to labour on until released by death. We may add that the settlement on Robben Island is not too well provided with books, pictures, &c. Any of our readers who wish to assist in the work should send their contributions to the Rev. W. T. McCormick, F.R.G.S., St. Matthew's Vicarage, Brighton, who will gladly forward them to Mr. Wilshire.



THOUGH winds may blow cold the sun shines bright, as a rule, in this month; we are therefore almost tempted to put aside winter clothing before it is safe to do so. Fortunately for our health's sake, woollen materials are worn all the year round, and are made in such delicate tints and so light in texture that it is only in the warmest weather they need be discarded.

All our leading manufacturers are sending out spring patterns; we sent for a box of them, and received a very satisfactory budget. A very pretty new material is "Crofter Serge," made in rich dark colours; there is a warmth and substance in this fabric, which looks well, trimmed with velvet. The "Haslemere Stripe," the "Waverley Stripe," and the "Alpine Stripe" are pleasing novelties for present wear even on a chilly day. Of a thinner texture than the above-named materials are "Sweet Lavender Cloth," "Melrose Silk Stripe," "Bourette Cloth," which is flecked with white; a very fine make of "All Wool Foulé," and "Amazon Cloth." A soft light make of French cashmere will be very popular on account of its pliability, and the exquisite colourings in which it is produced. French *beiges*, Cheviotdale *beige*, "Rosebery Tweed" and "Highland Tweed" are made in subdued and cool colours, for the most part of neutral tints.

For making up spring woollens, the *fourreau* skirt is appropriate when the wearer has a slender figure; it is made quite plain in the front and over the hips, with fan pleats at the back. Unless thoroughly well cut, this skirt is apt to drag, and impede the movements of the wearer. Inexperienced workers will do well to introduce a few pleats or folds into the front and on the hips, or to drape the front breadth. The prettiest way of making the bodices for these woollen materials is with a plain jacket bodice, opening over a velvet waistcoat which is only seen a few inches above the waist and at the throat; velvet sleeves high at the shoulders. Black is generally worn, but when combined with grey or stone colour the effect is funeral; some rich dark shade harmonises better with these pale colourings. Later on in the season the velvet sleeves may be replaced by silk. Following close upon the seamless bodice, the fastenings upon which are carefully concealed, we have the multi-seamed bodice, which is ornamented with tiny buttons wherever they can be placed, outlining the seams and panels, and sewn thickly down the back of the sleeves. This fashion is scarcely

likely to last, as the buttons will break or come off, and be an endless source of annoyance.

The mantles for this month are very stylish; they are made of fine cloth, with handsome *passementerie* or embroidery or black silk-lace and jet. A very handsome mantle is of black *peau de soie*, a close-fitting bodice pleated at the back into a point; in the front cut in deep points over a flounce of black lace; a rich jet ornament almost covered the back; two long ends of silk were tied with bows and ends of ribbon, trimmed with jet *passementerie*; open sleeves with pleatings of plain *faillie* tied below the elbow with bows and ends of ribbon; shoulder knots of ribbon to match. A steel-grey fine-cloth mantle was trimmed with black velvet and bullion fringe; the ample skirt, thickly gathered at the back, a velvet band fastened the waist, long pointed sleeves almost meeting at the back; wide band of velvet and fringe round the opening of the sleeve; velvet deep collar edged with fringe. This comfortable and graceful mantle may be made in fawn-coloured cloth trimmed with brown velvet, green cloth, and velvet three shades darker, or dark blue cloth and velvet. A very graceful *visite* is made of rich black silk, with long lace sleeves open from the shoulders, finished off with lace epaulettes; in the front wide ends of lace, at the back a deep flounce of lace.

Two very becoming mantles which we saw recently were made the one of black velvet and satin brocade trimmed with *passementerie*, into which moonstone-beads were introduced, with a very original effect; the long pointed velvet ends in front were elaborately ornamented. The other was of Luxor silk, with long straight velvet sleeves, trimmed with very deep fringe, and fully braided; high lace collar.

For young girls, pretty mantelettes are made of beaded lace to mid-arm, from whence falls a bead fringe; high Marie Antoinette collar. Some very taking shoulder-capes are prepared for warm spring days; they have high collars and shoulders, made entirely of *guipure*. These little garments should be avoided by short-necked damsels.

Bonnets still continue small; in fact, they are decreasing gradually, until they promise to vanish altogether. A tuft of lace, with a pansy-blossom nestling amidst a wealth of hair, surmounting a youthful face, is pleasant to look upon; but unfortunately there are very few have-been *belles* who know how to grow old gracefully. Hence the sad caricatures which we encounter so frequently in our parks and other places of public resort; yet there are plenty of pretty and becoming shapes for all ages. Black and gold lace are very much used; sometimes they are combined with velvet or satin and flowers; the coronet or diadem worn with a puffed lace or velvet crown, or a fancy shape, is capable of being bent to suit any face. Strings are well calculated to soften the ravages of time; they are especially so when made of soft tulle and fastened under the chin either with a brooch or in a large bow. Violets, which were so much worn last month, have retired in favour of chestnut-blossom, cherry-blossom, and may-blossom, with their foliage, which make charming little head-dresses for the private views at the various picture galleries and for morning concerts; but for driving and walking in the sunshine large hats will be much worn, and are certainly very becoming and comfortable; they are made with wide brims, and to each one an individuality is given by a twist or a pinch here and there. For example, a hat of lace straw with a wide brim all round was lined with the palest shade of apple-green *crêpe lisse*, turned up at the back in three pleats; on the left side a large piece had been cut away, and a bunch of apple-blossom in a rosette of *lisse* filled the vacant space; on the right side was a long spray of apple-blossom. A second hat was of *veseda crêpe*, lined with pale-pink ostrich-feather trimming; on the outside was a very long pink ostrich-feather fastened with a large pearl butterfly; the shades were so well chosen that the effect was simply perfect. A black-lace hat was trimmed with black velvet and laburnum. Another of black-and-gold net had a large bunch of pansies and three black jet butterflies on the crown. A third was of cream-coloured tulle made in puffs, which were like large honeycombs; the only trimming a bunch of honeysuckle and two iridescent butterflies. *Enfin*, with a certain amount of originality and good taste, there is no end to the variety of head-gear which can be produced at comparatively moderate cost.

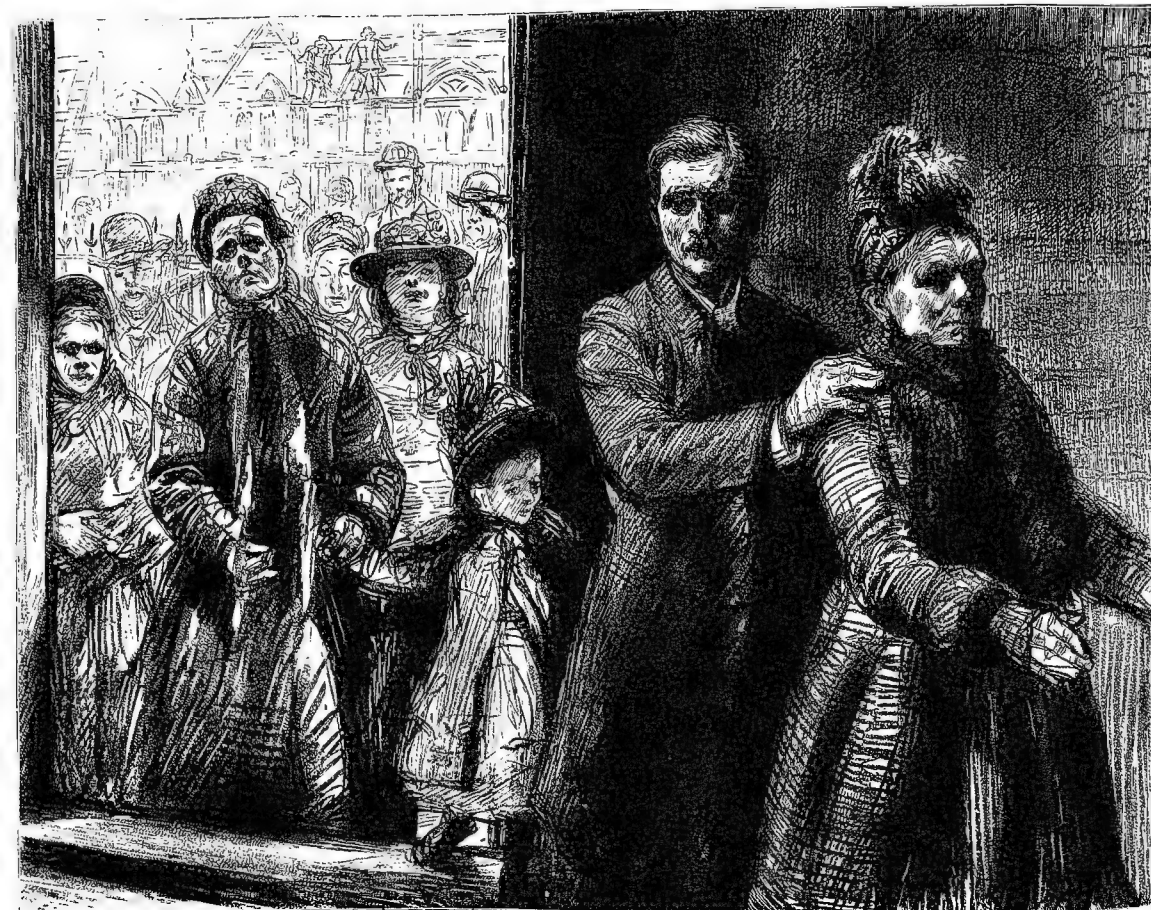
The exquisite materials for evening wear baffle description; some, of embroidered gauzes, are veritable works of art. Embroidery in seed-pearls is very beautiful, and much worn. One of the costly luxuries of the day is the full-dress sunshade, which is made in all white, or to match the costume with which it is to be carried. For example, a white silk sunshade, with a mother-of-pearl handle, is covered with silk gauze, on which are small frills of the gauze; to be quite correct, a tie must be worn to match the sunshade.



"A HISTORY OF ART IN SARDINIA, JUDÆA, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR," from the French of MM. George Perrot and Charles Chipiez (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall). It is almost impossible within the limits of a short notice to do anything like justice to these two remarkable volumes, which possess all the learning and clearness of exposition characteristic of French scholarship. M. George Perrot is too well known all over Europe as an archaeologist, and M. Charles Chipiez as an architect, for any joint work of theirs not to meet with instant recognition, and so clearly and pleasantly have they handled their subject that these volumes may be read with advantage by any one who takes an intelligent interest in antiquity. The first part of the work is the history of Phœnician art, the earliest known art in the Mediterranean basin, reconstructed from such monuments and documents as modern research has discovered for us. MM. Perrot and Chipiez begin with Punic remains in Sardinia, most of which date from the times prior to the Carthaginian occupation of the island. They show that the earliest known races must have crossed over from Africa, and that whatever knowledge these tribes possessed was derived from the Phœnicians. The most important remains of ancient architecture in Sardinia are the *nuraghs*, or round towers, which have been supposed by different explorers to be either tombs, temples, or forts. There is no doubt that these buildings were forts or watch-towers, as an examination of their structure shows them to have been quite unfitted for either tombs or temples, and the remarkable way in which they run north and south along the backbone of the island points to their having been constructed as a line of defence against some enemy. Sardinia is also rich in dolmens and tombs, all the work of a pre-historic race before the introduction of Greek art and architecture among the nations bordering the Mediterranean. In these buildings many bronze statuettes, daggers, and arms, the work of the tribes conquered by the Carthaginians, have been discovered, and are carefully described by M. Perrot. From Sardinia we pass on to Judæa, where the Jews were of the same race as the Phœnicians of Tyre and Carthage, and had the same artistic instincts. Among the Jews sculpture was killed by the Second Commandment, and until the era of the kings they had neither arts nor crafts. Their only work for posterity was the Temple at Jerusalem, which has been utterly destroyed, and, being built



LEADING THE BLIND—A SCENE AT STEPNEY WORKHOUSE



THE INDIGENT BLIND VISITING SOCIETY—BLIND VISITORS ARRIVING AT ST. PHILIP'S INSTITUTE



THE INDIGENT BLIND VISITING SOCIETY—AFTERNOON TEA AT THE INSTITUTE

THE POOR BLIND AT THE EAST END
SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOIR

interested in the arts and history of the ancient world. "Rupert of the Rhine," by Lord Ronald Gower (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). No more fascinating and romantic subject could be hoped for by an author than the life of the gallant and chivalrous son of Frederick V., Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England. Prince Rupert was born in 1619, and paid his first visit to England in 1635. Before he was eighteen he was fighting for the Dutch against the Empire, and after being taken prisoner, was confined for three years at Linz, spending the time in scientific studies. In 1642 he came to England, and fought for the King, from the raising of the Royal Standard at Nottingham to the flight of Charles into Scotland. He then crossed to France, and in 1649 went to sea with a Royalist fleet of seven ships. He kept the seas for four years, fighting Blake, capturing ships, and paying a visit to the West Indies, finally reaching France, after the loss of his brother, with one battered ship. After the Restoration he returned to England, and though he spent most of his time in his laboratory, yet he found occasion to lead the English fleet against the Dutch in 1666 and 1672, and beat Admiral Van Tromp. In person Rupert was tall and stately, with handsome and delicate features, but wonderful as his skill in war was, his scientific knowledge was even more surprising. He is said to have greatly improved the gunpowder of the time, and to have invented the mitrailleuse and the torpedo. But his great title to scientific fame is the fact that he invented mezzotint, which still holds its own, though many of his inventions have been lost in more modern improvements. Rupert's Drops owe their name to him, for the Prince was a chemist as well as an engineer. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a district of Manitoba being now called after him. Prince Rupert died in London, on November 29th, 1682, and lies buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. Lord Ronald Gower has written his little book in a straightforward and discriminating manner, though perhaps with a more manly and forcible style he would have brought more prominently forward the dash and energy which were the Prince's characteristics on land as well as on sea, and in the laboratory as well as in the field. Still we must thank him for giving in so convenient a form a pleasant and well-written sketch of one of the most picturesque and least known figures of the seventeenth century.

“A History of Cumberland,” by Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., LL.M., F.S.A. (Elliot Stock). This learned and interesting book is at once an introduction to, and a synopsis of, the shelf of volumes treating of the history of Cumberland since county records have been taken in hand by the specialists. Dr. Ferguson begins with the earliest inhabitants, who seem to have been dolichocephalic men of the Polished Stone epoch, but naturally devotes most of his opening pages to the Roman occupation, tracing the line of the Great Wall through Cumberland, and supporting the Æliæ theory that both the wall and vallum were the work of the Emperor Hadrian. In dealing with Saxon times, Dr. Ferguson quotes largely from Green’s “Short History,” a book which is neither so rare nor so valuable as to deserve such extended citation; but in the Norman period he resorts to less accessible records. Like the Romans, William Rufus erected a barrier against the Scots, but, following the fashion of the day, he built a chain of castles instead of a wall, while later on the county was cut up into baronies by the Norman Kings, and given to the great nobles whose families had so powerful an influence on the history of Cumberland. It is interesting to note that Maud de Vallibus, or De Vaux, the heiress of the great barony of Gilsland, was summoned to Parliament by Edward I. instead of her husband or son, and that she sat on the bench as a magistrate at the Penrith Assizes. Cumberland was not an ecclesiastical county; in 1092 there was no religious house within its boundaries, but, in 1102, Henry I. founded a house of Augustinian monks at Carlisle, and, in 1133, appointed Ethelwulf first Bishop of the See. The religious houses flourished until 1541, when Henry VIII. built the cathedral and endowed it with the revenues of some of the suppressed priories. Through the Scotch and Border Wars, and during the Civil War, the history of Cumberland is contained in the history of Carlisle, and from the final suppression of the ‘45 rising, when the military road from Carlisle to Newcastle was built, dates the rise of the city’s trade. This was followed by the rapid expansion of the iron and coal trade on the coast of Cumberland. In fact, since the American Civil War, when the cotton industry declined, the trade of Cumberland has been passing away from Carlisle to the towns on the sea coast,

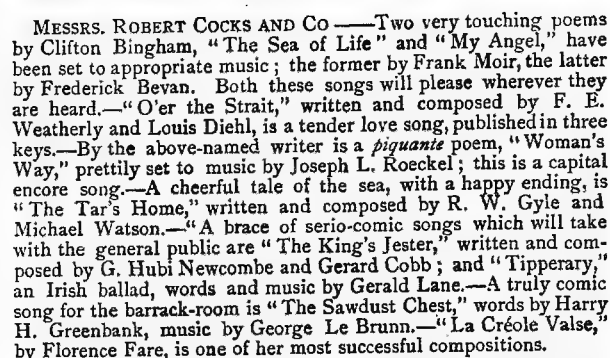
which during the present century have been rapidly acquiring importance. Dr. Ferguson is much to be congratulated on his book; it is easily written, and contains exactly the amount of matter required in a popular history. Its value however, is considerably lessened by the entire absence of maps and plans, and in any case, the want might be remedied with advantage.

future edition this want might be remedied. The "The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass," by Kennett R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A. (Trübner and Co.). This is a Christmas book in the shape of a translation or adaptation of the famous old German folk-book of one Tyll Eulenspiegel, who was the Gil Blas of mediæval Germany. It is a satire on all sorts and conditions of men under the form of the adventures of a cunning knave or jester, who was always playing tricks on people by taking their words literally, and doing exactly as he was told without any reference to the spirit of the command. It is valuable as giving an insight into the life of Germany in the Middle Ages. Mr. Mackenzie has wisely adopted an archaic form of diction in his version, and the style, as by Alfred Crownhill, are well suited to the text.

illustrations, by Alfred Crowquill, are well suited to the text. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of the English language. It is a book which every student of the English language should read. It is a book which every student of the English language should read. It is a book which every student of the English language should read.

power has always a fresh and living interest. "The Utopia, and History of Edward V., by Sir Thomas More, with Roper's Life," edited by Maurice A. Jams. The "Camelot Series" (Walter Scott).—Sir Thomas More is one of the most striking and attractive of English worthies, and his "Utopia" is the model and exemplar for those many books which have as their aim the improvement of the world and its inhabitants by means of the pleasant fiction of a Land of Nowhere, in which all things go well, and people are not jostled by knaves and fools at every turn. This form of literature has an intense fascination both for authors and readers, and Mr. Walter Scott has done well to include so celebrated a reconstruction of society as Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" in his excellent series of Camelot classics.

Spence's "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men." A Selection, edited by J. Underhill. The "Camelot Series" (Walter Scott).—Gossip and anecdote about great men or English writers and literature have always been eagerly sought after, and Spence's "Anecdotes," which were not published until fifty years after the compiler's death, deservedly hold a high place in this class of biographical literature. Mr. Underhill has here given us an excellent selection of the "Anecdotes," and has prefaced his book with a very useful sketch of the Rev. Joseph Spence's life, and of his relations with Pope and other literary men of the period. Like the rest of the series, this volume is printed in a clear, readable type, and is of convenient size for use.



by Florence Fare, is one of her most successful compositions.

MESSRS. J. McDOWELL AND CO.—From this firm comes a goodly collection of pianoforte pieces. Three of the group are by G. Bachmann, "Sérénade," "Ländler," and "Menuet."—By Emile Pessard we have "Petite Valse" and "Andalouse," two easy and tuneful *morceaux*; whilst by Edwin H. Prout are "Silvery Ripples" and "Rosy Morn." All these pieces are well calculated for after dinner in the drawing-room.—Two simple and easy paraphrases from *Elijah* (Mendelssohn), by Arthur H. Brown, will please in the home circle on Sunday evenings.—A brilliant *valse de salon* is "Les Myrtes," by Paul Wachs.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Of songs and pianoforte-pieces for the drawing-room there is no lack; the constant demand for novelties is amply met. From Ignace Gibsone we have two songs and four pianoforte pieces. "Trusting and True" is a pretty love-poem by Edward Oxenford. For "The Knight and the Maiden," the words are translated from a German poem. The group of pianoforte pieces, each one excellent in its way, consists of "Simple Histoire," "Dialogue d'Amour," "Histoire Joyeuse" and "In a Gondola."

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Well worthy the attention of organists are "Introits, Graduals, and Alleluias," to be used at the Celebration of the Holy Communion, set to music by A. Sutton.—Longfellow's sweet serenade, "Good Night, Beloved," has been set to music for A.T.T.B. by A. Whitley, A. Mus. T.C.L., with much taste and simplicity.—An album of four songs, composed by F. St. John Lacy, contains some creditable work. No. 1, "Go, Lovely Rose" (Waller), is a pleasing setting of this charming poem; No. 2, "My Lady Prays," is one of F. Langbridge's most tender compositions, set to appropriate music. The quaint old poem, by the Earl of Rochester, "My Dear Mistress has a Heart," has been skillfully handled. The same may be said of G. J. Whyte Melville's "A Sad Farewell."

MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO.—Four very pleasing pianoforte pieces, by G. Pfeiffer, are "Idylle," "Caprice Arabe," a very quaint *marceau*; "Bruits d'Ailes," most original of the group; and "Gavotte," which is tuneful, but somewhat commonplace.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Our sporting readers will surely admire "Gun and Dog," a shooting song, words and music by Frederic Scarsbrook (E. Donajowski).—Of a very boastful character, "I'm English, My Boys," a patriotic song, words by R. E. White, music by P. P. Boustead, will nevertheless find many admirers and applauders of its sentiments.—There is a quaint madrigalian ring in both words and music of "Love's Declaration," written and composed by C. E. P. Wilson, (Messrs. Moutrie and Son). "The Two Choirs," written and composed by Robert Reece and M. Piccolomini, is replete with pathos; it has already made a good

mark, and will be one of the popular songs of the season.—“The Arab's Vigil” is a tragical poem by Claude Bernard, well set to music by Vernon Rly (Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood).—“A Dream,” written and composed by Maggie M. King, is a simple and taking song. By the above-named composer is “The Dover Castle March,” a fairly good and not difficult piece for the piano forte.—Organists will find “Larghetto,” from Schumann's symphony in B flat, arranged for the organ by W. Lyle Biggs, a useful addition to their repertory (The London Music Publishing Company).—There is genuine pathos in “A Parting,” words by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, music by Gertude C. Nash (W. H. Ross).—“Our Brave Defenders,” words by Harold Towers, music by T. Worsley Staniforth, will find favour in the barrack room (Messrs. Adamson and Co.).—Racy and vigorous is a song with chorus, “Pen-y-Ghent Beagles,” words by “A Poet Unknown to Fame,” music by John Wrathall (Messrs. H. White and Son).—A dainty love-song is “On Summer Seas,” the words by John Muir, music by S. Claude Ridley; “The Princess Waltz,” by Adelaide H. Page, is already a popular favourite, and likely long to remain so (Felix Peck).—There is genuine merit in “The Watch-Word,” written by “H. R.,” composed by Landon Ronald; “Cavatina,” for mandolin or violin and piano, by Clara Ross, is a smoothly-written and unpretentious *morceau* (G. White).—Well worthy of its title is “Peace,” words by “A. G. B.” (from the *Spectator*), music by Monteith Randell (The Viaduct Publishing Company).—No. 1 of “Songs” for voice, flute, and pianoforte is “A Farewell,” words by Lord Tennyson, music by James C. Beazley. This is a very effective song for amateur performers (Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co.).—“Merry London Waltz,” composed by Rosa Newman, is evidently the work of a beginner, and as such is worthy of commendation (Messrs. Poplett and Taylor).

To lovers of woodland scenery in all its various phases, no place in England can give greater pleasure than the New Forest, from early spring to the time when

The last red leaf is whirled away.

Nor even in winter does the charm altogether cease. There are fine effects produced by the frost lying thick on the pines; and clear moonless nights, when the stars are seen through the bare trees hanging like bells in the sky, have a distinct beauty of their own. But no time is more full of delight than the first few days of balmy weather. On just one of these growing days I wandered at will through one of the glades towards the south of the New Forest, and noted the genial joy of all Nature at the dawn of her New Year.

A fresh breeze is moaning through the bare oaks, and sighs among the larches like the sea breaking on a long, low shore. These larches wear a beautiful green, known so well to those who live in, or love, Devonshire. Underneath they are studded with small round cones, red and brown, and decked about with lichen. The lichen clings to every tree around; it flecks the elms, and clothes the oaks, nor leaves the smooth beech wholly bare. All these trees are grand indeed in their age, their beauty, and their variety. I notice two great oaks, whose trunks, like stout columns, rise quite straight up to the height of twenty feet or so, at which height thick branches spread freely out to form an antlered head. A brimstone-butterfly goes by, and is visible far down the glade, except when he flits among the thick knots of primroses. A large tortoiseshell, rarer beauty, settles within a yard of me on a dead leaf, and there closes his wings, and so becomes invisible. The winter's sleep has told upon his plumage: his wings are seen to be torn and faded, as he opens and closes them in the genial sunshine. Anon he floats gracefully further off, and is lost to view among the dead leaves.

And now there breaks upon my ear the first unmistakable note of a nightingale. I glide towards the sound, peer among the thorn bushes, and there he sits pouring forth his rich notes, unheeding or unwitting my presence. For a long time I wait and listen, but the bird is not in good song yet; in a month, or even less, he will easily vanquish the thrush and blackbird, which now rival him, fluting so grandly from the hedgerows on the skirts of the forest. These and all the commoner birds grow scarcer the deeper I go, save that here and there a chaffinch pipes his monotonous lay, or a little wren hops about a thornbush and peeps shyly out at me. The chiffchaff's two notes are heard, and the cuckoo's twofold shout as he flies from tree to tree; the wryneck utters his shrill cry, the doves coo from the pines, and the woodpecker gives out his loud yuck, yuck, yuck, as he flies across the open spaces; a pair of jays keep a little way ahead of me; when I stop they flutter down to the ground, but directly I move the wary birds float gently up to the low boughs of the nearest tree and watch me with grave suspicion.

There is melody in the air, and "buzzings of the honied hours" fill the wood; and, above all this, I seem to hear the growing of Nature—the rustlings round me are so soft, yet so distinct, that they seem to be caused by the young grass and ferns pushing and forcing their way up to light and air through the dead leaves; the young shoots will not be denied their right to the sun's warm rays. Under foot, all among the dead leaves, are large patches of flowers bursting out, as if Nature were eager to hide away last year's decay; thick clusters of primroses and long streaks of wood-violets are visible far away; dots of white show the frail anemone, and of bright yellow the celandine; to see the wild strawberry and geranium you must stoop; they are almost hidden from view by the abundance of the larger flowers; young bracken is bursting forth, uprearing half-doubled fists; some, indeed, are like bent wrists, the fingers closing together underneath. Thick branches of foxglove, like giant primrose roots, are scattered about; you scarce can put foot to earth without crushing some flower or tender leaf.

Over head the elms are just sprouting into yellow green, and the oaks are growing brown at the tips. Seen from afar, the tops of the oaks look like mounds of grass scorched by a summer sun. The thorn-trees are not budding freely, robbed somewhat as they are of the sun and rain by the taller trees. Even the wintry hollies look gay, as they glisten brightly in the noonday.

A forest colt, the firstling of the year, gambols round its mother ; as the day grows warmer, the colt grows weary and rolls on the ground, and lies with head thrown back, its long white legs stretched straight out, and its fluffy tail lazily flicking up and down. The discordant bray of an ass sounds far off—sign of rain, the country folk say. In Wales they say the woodpecker's cry denotes rain, but here it seems that bird is never silent, and its green plumage is visible all day long as it jerks its way along among the trees.

Truly there is a wealth of Nature's sweet things visible all round me on this glorious day. It is hard, indeed, to believe that summer has not really yet begun, that the birds are only just thinking of nesting, and that we have yet, perhaps, to experience a frost or two or a biting blizzard. Fog in March, frost in May, has become a proverb with us, and we are lamenting that winter now merges into summer, and that spring as a season is out of date, lacks reality, and has existence only in poets' fancies. But this year we are once again led to hope for better things—for a return of old-fashioned spring, with its glorious wealth of buds and flowers and balmy days, to hope also for a continuance of warm and sunny days, if only for the sake of the trees and flowers, and for the sake of all that is young and tender in Nature's nursery.

C. S. H.



THE DINNER PARTY
"A middle-aged M.P. took me in"
"MY FIRST SEASON"

PORTUGAL has welcomed home her African heroes with more moderation than expected. To avoid popular disturbance, the time of arrival was kept quiet, while various deputations went down by steamer to greet Major Serpa Pinto and Lieutenant Cordon at the mouth of the Tagus. In the evening, however, groups paraded the streets, crying "*Viva Serpa Pinto*," and the British Consulate

Mr. Cowen's music is some of the best he has yet written. As may be imagined, he is less at home in those situations which demand dramatic force than in the lyrical portions, in which his gifts of melody once more assert themselves. He has, however, successfully endeavoured to impart, by way of local colour, the Norwegian characteristics to a great portion of his music, and he has made use of leading *motifs*, about a dozen of which are printed in the book of words. They are, however, employed with discretion, and have but little effect on the work as a whole. The first act is undoubtedly the strongest. The opening chorus of Norwegians clad in picturesque costumes, supposed to be of the tenth century, the barbaric dance of girl warriors, who clash their Norwegian knives and shields while engaged in mimic combat, the song of the Viking, and an admirably written part-song, which partakes to a certain extent of the old English character, are among the best numbers of the act. The great tenor air, a patriotic song, commencing "Pride of the North," may perhaps lack spirit, but its repetition by the chorus at the close of the *finale* to the first act, when the King bestows his sword upon the hero, is highly effective. In the second act the music drags a little, the pageant march being too long, while the first love-duet is somewhat commonplace. The act, however, contains two numbers which are almost bound to be successful, that is to say, a prayer sung by Madame Tremelli, and a quaint tenor ballad, with saxophone obbligato, narrating the tragic death of Thorvald as told in an old North German legend. In the scene of the pine-forest in the third act, Nanna, a character impersonated by Miss Kate Drew, has a delightful little Norse ditty, "Through the forest Ivar goes," with a choral burden. Save as to this, the act is made up almost entirely of a lengthy and not particularly interesting *scena* for the heroine, and an elaborate love duet, which, despite many fine touches, is, on the whole, not a little conventional. In the last act Mr. Crotty, as the cowardly Helgi, has a capital baritone song, while the arrival of the guests is marked by a well-written four-part chorus which starts unaccompanied, though otherwise the interest of the act is dramatic rather than musical. Altogether, although Mr. Cowen's *Thorgim* may not be a perfect specimen of grand opera, yet its melodies and the general spirit of refinement with which it is permeated will render it an acceptable addition to the English repertory. In regard to the performance, it can now only be added that the parts of hero and heroine were safe in the hands of Mr. McGuckin and Miss de Lussan, and that the singing of the male chorus was particularly fine. The work was somewhat tamely received by the audience,

which included the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Antonin Dvorak, from Prague, and many prominent English musicians, but at the close Mr. Cowen, who conducted, was, with the principal artists, accorded the usual call before the curtain.

DEATH OF JOHN BARNETT.—The death, at the great age of nearly eighty-eight years, of the veteran opera-composer, John Barnett, is announced from Leckhampton near Cheltenham, where, since his retirement from London life, nearly half a century ago, he has resided, and has successfully carried on the profession of a teacher of singing. Mr. John Barnett's father was Bernhard Beer, a relative of Meyerbeer, and a Prussian jeweller, who, on settling in this country, changed his name to Barnett. His mother was a Hungarian lady, and the composer was born at Bedford, July 15th, 1802. John Barnett as a boy had a fine contralto voice, and at the age of ten he appeared in a musical piece, called *The Shipwreck*, at Drury Lane, his stage debut consequently dating back no less than seventy-eight years. He also sang in the music attributed to Locke at Edmund Kean's first appearance as Macbeth. John Barnett was afterwards articled to Arnold, of the Lyceum, and studied under Horn, the composer of "Cherry Ripe." When his voice broke he studied more seriously under Beethoven's pupil, Ferdinand Ries, and also under Kalkbrenner, Huxley, and others. His first stage work, *Before Breakfast*, was produced at the Lyceum in 1825, and from that time till 1833, when he resigned the post of conductor to Madame Vestris at the old Olympic, he had contributed his share to a large number of farces, dramas, and comedies, in which music was interspersed. In 1833 Barnett, however, called a meeting of English musicians, headed by Sir Henry Bishop, in the hope of establishing a regular English opera-house in London. The movement was unsuccessful, but in 1834 Barnett produced at the Lyceum his famous work *The Mountain Sylph*, which was generally admitted by Sir George Mac-



MR. JOHN BARNETT
Musical Composer
Born July 15, 1802. Died April 17, 1890.

farren and other eminent critics to have been the first composition written in regular operatic form by any British musician since Arne's *Artaxerxes*, and also was undoubtedly the archetype and precursor of the English operas of Balfe, Loder, Wallace, and Macfarren himself. *Fair Rosamond* and *Farinelli* followed, but in 1839 the collapse of an English opera-season, which he had opened at the St. James's Theatre, caused Barnett to turn in disgust from London musical life, and "the intrigues of all connected with theatres," and to retire to Cheltenham. John Barnett down to ten years ago had composed upwards of 2,000 musical stage-works, part-songs, and songs, several of which, including three operas, remain in manuscript. Apart from *The Mountain Sylph*, he will, however, best be recollected by his "Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets," a volume originally published in 1834, and reprinted about thirteen years since. "The Magic Wave Scarf" (originally in *The Mountain Sylph*) is still popular at concerts, and a past generation were delighted with such beautiful melodies as "The Light Guitar," "Rise, Gentle Moon," "Break, Break, Break," "Rock Me to Sleep," "Merrily Sounds the Horn," "Sing, Nightingale, Sing," and "Now the Lamp of Day Has Fleed," which are still occasionally heard in private houses. Two of Mr. Barnett's sons (Eugene and Reginald) have made their mark in literature and journalism; his eldest daughter is the wife of the well-known novelist and critic, Mr. Robert Francillon, and another daughter, Miss Clara Barnett, was before her marriage a member of the original Parepa-Rosa troupe in America.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken at the County of Gloucester Studio, Cheltenham.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Upwards of thirty concerts have been given this week, and to most of them we can refer only briefly. The return of Madame Sophie Menter, who had not previously played at the Crystal Palace since 1882, drew a large audience to the Sydenham Concert Room on Saturday, when Liszt's famous pupil gave an interesting performance of Schumann's concerto, and of two pieces by Liszt.—At the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's Concert on Tuesday, Schubert's *Nachtgesang im Walde*, with accompaniment for four horns, was sung by the male voice choir, and the excellent amateur orchestra performed Schubert's symphony in B flat No. 5.—*The Golden Legend* was announced on Wednesday at the Albert Hall, with a cast which included Miss McIntyre, Madame Patey, Messrs. Ben Davies (who is now rarely heard except in comic opera), Pope, and Henschel.—Among the advance guard of pianoforte recital and other concert givers may also be mentioned Madame Frickenhaus, Miss Hilda Wilson (who was supported by her sister and brothers), Mr. Dykes, Miss Dora Bright, Miss Hettie Temple, Mr. F. Lamond, Miss Annie Roeckner, Mr. Arthur Taylor, Miss Sussetta Fenn, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti is expected in England next week, and Madame Nordica will arrive on Monday.—The season of Italian Opera projected by M. Mayer at Her Majesty's next month has definitely been abandoned.—Dr. Hubert Parry has chosen Milton's *L'Allegro* as the subject for his Norwich Festival cantata next autumn.—Madame Albani will sail for England on the 19th May.—Miss Grace Mary Hearnshaw, who has been studying under Mr. Oscar Beringer, has been sent by the trustees of the

Liszt and Bach Scholarship to Berlin to complete her education under Professor Klindworth.—Miss Fanny Davies has achieved considerable success in Italy, where she has given pianoforte recitals not only in Florence, but also in Rome.



THE heart of the old playgoer is glad because of the revival at the ADELPHI of that famous old Adelphian romantic drama *The Green Bushes*. It is true that Madame Celeste's Miami, whose passionate picturesqueness lingers so pleasantly in the minds of these persons, has not found quite a satisfactory successor in Miss Mary Rorke, who, truthful and pathetic actress though she is, cannot carry the impression of the wild, revengeful huntress of the Mississippi. This pleasing actress, however, gets on better in the later scenes, in which the fierce Miami is so marvellously converted into the sweet, soft-spoken, and penitent French lady, under her new name of Madame St. Aubert. Altogether, the old play is not merely carefully mounted, but very well acted, and its pathetic story manifestly awakened in the large audience of Saturday night a strong interest. The revival is especially fortunate in the representatives of Master Grinnidge and Jack Gong, for even the most inveterate praiser of past times and "censor and castigator" of the new generation must admit that Wright and Paul Bedford have found very satisfactory descendants in Mr. J. L. Shine and Mr. Lionel Rignold. A special word of praise must also be accorded to Miss Clara Jecks for the fantastic humour of her impersonation of Tigertail the "squaw," and to Miss Kate James for her sprightly performance as Nelly O'Neil. *The Green Bushes* ought to hold its ground easily till the new romantic play in preparation is ready.

The two principal trial *matinées* of last week brought to light, unfortunately, nothing of any very great value, though the results were, at least, above the average. *Cerise and Co.*, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, exhibited something of the freshness of invention, and the unconventionality of treatment which distinguishes the authoress's amusing and original comedy entitled *Our Flat*. In this instance, however, Mrs. Musgrave has raised an elaborate superstructure on little or no foundation. The assumption is that an American gentleman, who has married an aristocratic lady, in ignorance of the fact that she is privately "running," as his countrymen would say, a prosperous millinery establishment, must be terribly shocked when he finally discovers his wife's secret. But why should he be? Surprised he might be; or, if he attached very great importance to aristocratic connections, it is possible that he would be disappointed. But there is obviously nothing here to bring about the humorous catastrophe at which the authoress has evidently aimed. *The Linendraper*, brought out the same afternoon at the COMEDY Theatre, is more conventional in its incidents and in its humour, as will be perceived at once when we say that the personage who gives the title to the piece, and is throughout the most prominent figure, wins laughter mainly by his displays of ignorance, both of English grammar and the usages of polite society, in the manner of the long-familiar Mr. Middlewick in *Our Boys*. Mr. Righton, however, played this part with a humorous assumption of helplessness which diverted the audience. Not less closely associated with familiar stage types was Mr. Frank Wood's nevertheless very amusing impersonation of a bibulous and intriguing butler, whose duty is partly that of instructing his rich, but illiterate, employer in social *etiquette*. Altogether *The Linendraper*, though somewhat commonplace, furnished genuine entertainment to an indulgent and not too critical audience.

The praiseworthy practice of devoting the week in which Shakespeare's birthday occurs to Shakespearian pieces in the pretty little memorial theatre at Stratford-on-Avon seems to gain new vigour from year to year. This week Mr. Osmond Tearle and his company have appeared in *Othello*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *King John*, and *King Lear*. As being the least known—indeed, as an acting play, it is entirely unknown to the present generation—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* has naturally excited the most interest. The organisers of these pleasant gatherings will do well to adhere to their system of giving every year at least one play of this class.

Mr. Leonard Outram's experimental revival of Mr. W. G. Wills's *Juanna* at a *matinée* at the OPERA COMIQUE last week was unfortunately only successful in depressing the spirits of an audience not indisposed to acknowledge handsomely the merits of the play and the performers. It is not that the play is of a sombre and a tragic complexion, but rather that its sombreness and its tragedy are of a hollow and unconvincing kind. The author had compressed the four acts into three, and shorn the *dénouement* of some details that savoured too strongly of the Monk Lewis period of our dramatic annals; and so far the work was improved as compared with the original produced at the COURT Theatre nine years ago. Where Mr. Wilson Barrett and Madame Modjeska, however, failed to arouse any deep interest in the sorrows of the love-sick Friar John and Juanna Esteban, Mr. Leonard Outram and Miss Frances Ivor were foredoomed to failure, though their respective performances were certainly not devoid of merit.

Mr. Benson, who devotes the evenings of Thursday and Friday this week to a revival of *Othello*, brings his season at the GLOBE to a close to-night. It will be remembered, if for nothing else, on account of the beautiful revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which has enjoyed the altogether unprecedented run of upwards of one hundred consecutive performances.

Mr. George Alexander is about to revive at *matinées*, at the AVENUE, the pretty Breton drama, entitled *The Grandsire*, produced at a series of *matinées* last year. It will be remembered that Mr. Alexander, after making a powerful impression by his poetical and touching performance of Legoez, the hero of this adaptation, was compelled by his engagement at the LYCEUM to relinquish his part to other hands.

A new comedy, of which report speaks highly, written by Mr. Mark Ambert and Frank Latimer, will be brought out shortly at a series of *matinées*, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S; the title is *The Anonymous Letter*. Permission has been obtained by Miss Nelly Farren and Mr. Fred. Leslie from the management of the GAIETY to take part in this performance.

Mrs. Langtry will shortly appear at the St. JAMES'S in *Esther Sandraz*, in which play she has already played in the country. The representations of *As You Like It* are consequently drawing to a close.

The PRINCESS'S, now closed, will reopen on the 5th of May, when Miss Grace Hawthorne will make her first appearance in London in Mr. Buchanan's version of Sardou's *Théodora*.

Dick Venables, at the SHAFTESBURY, has been shortened, and the bill strengthened by the addition of a version by Mr. Alfred Berlin of *Le Luthier de Cremona*, in which Mr. Willard plays the part of the lachrymose instrument-maker.

Mr. Pinero's new four-act farce, *The Cabinet Minister*, of which we shall have something to say next week, was produced by Mrs. John Wood at the reopening of the COURT Theatre on Wednesday evening.

The new play by Mr. Jerome, which Mr. Wilson Barrett is to produce at the new OLYMPIC, is entitled, *What Will a Woman Do?*



POST-CARDS TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE may be sent after May 1st, at the rate of 1½d. by the long sea-route, and 2d. *via* Lisbon. Ordinary inland cards can be used by affixing the necessary stamps.

WORKMENS' BADGES for the proposed Labour Demonstration on May 1st, in Paris, are being sold largely in the industrial quarters. They consist of a red morocco triangle inscribed in gold letters with "First of May. Eight Hours' Work."

THE SLAVE-TRADE AT ZANZIBAR has become very brisk since the blockade was raised. Large numbers of slaves are shipped off, so that the British vessels are kept well on the alert, H.M.S. *Conquest* making an important capture recently.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY BETWEEN ST. PETERSBURG AND ARCHANGEL is being planned in Russia. Generating stations along the line would furnish the necessary current, and the railway would span some 500 miles of country between the Baltic and the White Sea. It would cost over 3,000,000 per mile.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S STATUE IN WINDSOR PARK, the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen, will be unveiled by Her Majesty on May 12th, with much ceremony. All the Royal Family will attend. Inscriptions on the pedestal will record in English, Latin, Gaelic, and Sanskrit, that the statue is a token of love and loyalty to the Queen from the daughters of her Empire.

POLO HAS PROVED SO FATAL IN INDIA this season that the Commander-in-Chief is likely to prohibit polo tournaments altogether. Since the game first came into favour it has become much more dangerous, larger ponies being used, while the pace at which the game is now played is much faster. Riders cannot pull up these large animals when going at such a high rate of speed, hence the numerous disasters.

THE KHOJAK TUNNEL has been pierced successfully at last, having proved one of the most difficult pieces of engineering ever accomplished in India. Water getting into the workings delayed the borings considerably. This tunnel runs under the Khojak Pass, through the Amran range of mountains on the South-Eastern frontier of India and Afghanistan, and would be of the greatest value to the British, in the event of troubles in Central Asia. A double line of rail will be laid through the tunnel, so that troops and supplies could be carried across the frontier without delay.

THE CURIOUS FRENCH SUBMARINE VESSEL, the *Gymnote*, much interested President Carnot during his recent visit to Toulon. The little boat looks merely like a submerged rock causing a slight ripple in the water, only its look-out apparatus rising above the surface. It appeared suddenly by the side of the President's steamer, then struck the water sharply with its screw, and plunged down to a depth of from five to fifteen metres, re-appearing in a few moments at a considerable distance. The *Gymnote* is manned by one officer, Lieutenant Darriens, and six men.

A BEAR WENT TO CHAPEL LAST SUNDAY MORNING, and was not welcomed amicably by the congregation. Bruin walked into a Nonconformist place of worship between Barnes and Mortlake just as the pastor was preaching on the text "Be not afraid," and, though the intruder lay down quietly in the choir stalls, pastor and people did not find it easy to adopt a practical application of the text. Several ladies took refuge in the high pulpit, other worshippers rushed to the door, and great confusion ensued, when, happily, the owner of the bear, a travelling showman, arrived, and carried off the unwelcome visitor without disaster.

RATHER MORE THAN HALF-A-MILLION OF PEOPLE visited the National Gallery last year, a daily average of 2,424. Most visitors came in August—67,140—showing the attraction to provincials and strangers, and fewest in November—23,278. Twelve pictures were presented to the collection and twelve works were bought, including one British—a Gainsborough. The most expensive purchase was Ghirlandajo's portrait of a youth, which cost 2,000*l.* Owing to the construction of the new National Portrait Gallery, the National Gallery cannot extend further east, but the Government promise that in case of need the trustees shall have the space to the west occupied as the barrack drill-ground.

A FINE INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP EXHIBITION is now open at Vienna—the largest and most complete collection ever gathered together, so say the experts. The Exhibition commemorates the fortieth anniversary of the introduction of postage stamps in Austria, and their jubilee in England, and at the close, on May 4th, most of the collections will be sent to London, to appear at a similar display, opening on May 19th. Two large apartments in the Austrian Museum are crowded with complete collections of stamps from all countries, including rare and curious specimens. England carries off the first place. A magnificent display also comes from an enthusiastic philatelist at Cairo, who sends 18,000 specimens, including a perfect collection of every Egyptian example.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,612 against 1,619 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 7, and 100 below the average, while the death-rate was 19 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs fell to 380—a decrease of 4 and one under the usual return—influenza causing 9 casualties—a rise of 2. There were 106 deaths from whooping-cough (an advance of 27), 65 from measles (an increase of 11), 17 from diphtheria (a decline of 4), 13 from scarlet-fever (a rise of 1), 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 1), and 8 from enteric-fever (an advance of 4). Different forms of violence caused 41 deaths, including two from poison and two suicides. There were 2,735 births registered (a rise of 375, yet 85 below the average).

THE SEASON.—We were bidden last Thursday to assist at "A Masque of the Months." We did not succeed in seeing the spectacle, but if the dramatic were in any way equal in surprises to the natural masque, the audience must have had their money's worth many times over. The present year thus far has been nothing but "a masque of the months," January and February in turn putting on the temperature of April, while March, by way of relief from this economy, clothed itself twice—first in the frosty raiment of a true January, and then in the bright blue skies and balmy breezes of a pleasant May. April has been content with the character of an ordinary March. Leonine winds and breezes have required a lion's strength to support them, while those who had to walk in an easterly direction have had their faces powdered with the ransom of many kings. Vegetation which was forward at the end of Lent has refused entirely to trust unfolding leaf-buds and petals to the easterly and north-easterly blasts. The ordinary trees and hedgerows on the second Sunday after Easter showed scarcely any development from Good Friday; only the fruit blossoms have come on to a degree that is noticeable, and these apparently have suffered very little from their temerity. The cheapness and abundance of narcissus, hyacinth, and daffodil-blossoms in the fortnight after Easter seem to show that in Devonshire and Cornwall, whence most of these flowers come, the biting breezes experienced in London have not prevailed. Nor were primroses lacking on their chosen day.



A DRIVE TO HURLINGHAM

"I had the box-seat by Sir Guy, who is very proud of his bays"

"MY FIRST SEASON"

IV.

I WASN'T quite sure at first whether to be angry with Lord Lakes or Mr. Humphrey, but I decided it was Mr. Humphrey. And his manner is so very odd. Sometimes he is delightful. On Wednesday he went all round the Stanley Exhibition with me, and explained everything, for he has travelled in Africa, amongst other places; but the next time I met him he would scarcely speak to me, and was as disagreeable as possible.

Mrs. Wendry laughed when I told her how rude her admirer was, and said of course he is a genius, and they ought to be labelled "irritable."

"When I go to the reading-room at the Museum, and see the readers working away so silent and grim, I always want to have a notice up like the one they have at the Zoo.—Please do not irritate the beasts."

You would never imagine Mrs. Wendry was a poet, she is so nice. I said to her one day, in chaff, of course, that I didn't like her poems, and she said, "I don't care a scrap, my dear, as long as you admire my gowns!"

She is one of those people that you must either love or hate; and I adore her. Even Grace likes her now—she made Grace some woolly thing for a North-Sea fisherman, or something of that kind.

Last week Sir Guy Dashington drove her and Grace and me, with some other people, on his drag to lunch at Hurlingham. I had the box-seat by Sir Guy, who is very proud of his bays—they are the only thing he can talk about—and he thinks they are going to make a sensation at the meet of the Coaching Club in May. Lord Lakes, who was there too (of course, I'm beginning to say), came up to me while we were looking at the sports, but he seemed so shy and awkward that I could not think what was the matter. Presently he blurted out,

"I hear your sister, Lady Grace Ambleton, has a dinner-party to-night."

"Yes," I said, "and poor Grace is in great straits, though she would never let you think so. She got a telegram just as she was starting to-day, bringing an excuse from her pet young man; and it's next to impossible to get any one at the eleventh hour to fill his place—every one is engaged two or three weeks deep already, and at all events no one like being asked as a stop-gap."

"But surely—to go to your sister's house"—stammered

he, "I would—any one would—throw up any engagement," and then he got perfectly bright scarlet.

"Would you really care to go?" said I. "I'm sure Grace would jump at it." But I couldn't help thinking it was rather odd that he should fish for an invitation to one of Grace's heavy, slow entertainments.

Grace said, "But he can't take you in, you know, Gwendolyn."

And something in the way she said it made me suddenly see the whole thing, and I really felt quite frightened. Don't you see that he must be dreadfully in love with me—much more than you would guess from his manner—to scheme like that just to be in the room with me for a few hours? But I was determined not to give him a chance of speaking to me alone. Still, I can't help rather liking the boy—and it would please mamma and all of them very much—and if he were only a little older—But, after all, my ideal is a very different sort of person to Lord Lakes.

He took in Mrs. Wendry, and they sat at the same side of the table as I, so that he could not even see me. A middle-aged M.P. took me in, and thought me a great bore; and on the other side was Captain Lamarque, but the old gentleman found so much of interest in the menu that he could only give me a bad half of his attention. At Grace's you get the prettiest table decorations, the dullest conversation, and (I'm told) the best dinners in London. It was rather a pretty idea to have Neapolitan violets floating in all the finger-glasses. Several people got quite brisk as they picked them out and made them into little bouquets.

Directly the men came out after dinner Mrs. Wendry was surrounded. She has a fascination for all men, young or old, "society," scientific, or artistic. Lord Lakes wandered up to me, and said, "Did you see Humphrey this afternoon?"

"No," I said. "Where?"

"I saw him while I was talking to you at the sports, but he disappeared suddenly, and old Lamarque says he wanted to speak to you about the play they are getting up—Humphrey is writing it, you know, and he wanted to arrange about your part."

He did not pay the least attention to my answer, but suddenly burst out, "I say, I never thanked you for getting me asked here, but I am most awfully grateful—I can't tell you how kind I thought it was of you. Of course you have guessed my secret, but I don't mind—you are not like all the rest of the girls one meets. But do tell me, Lady Gwen—I'm sure you can—there the ghost of a chance for me?"

That was a very open way of doing things, wasn't it? And so absurdly boyish! I was quite relieved to be able to say, "Here is Captain Lamarque," who was shuffling up to us. Lord Lakes gave me a reproachful look, and did not come near me again that evening.

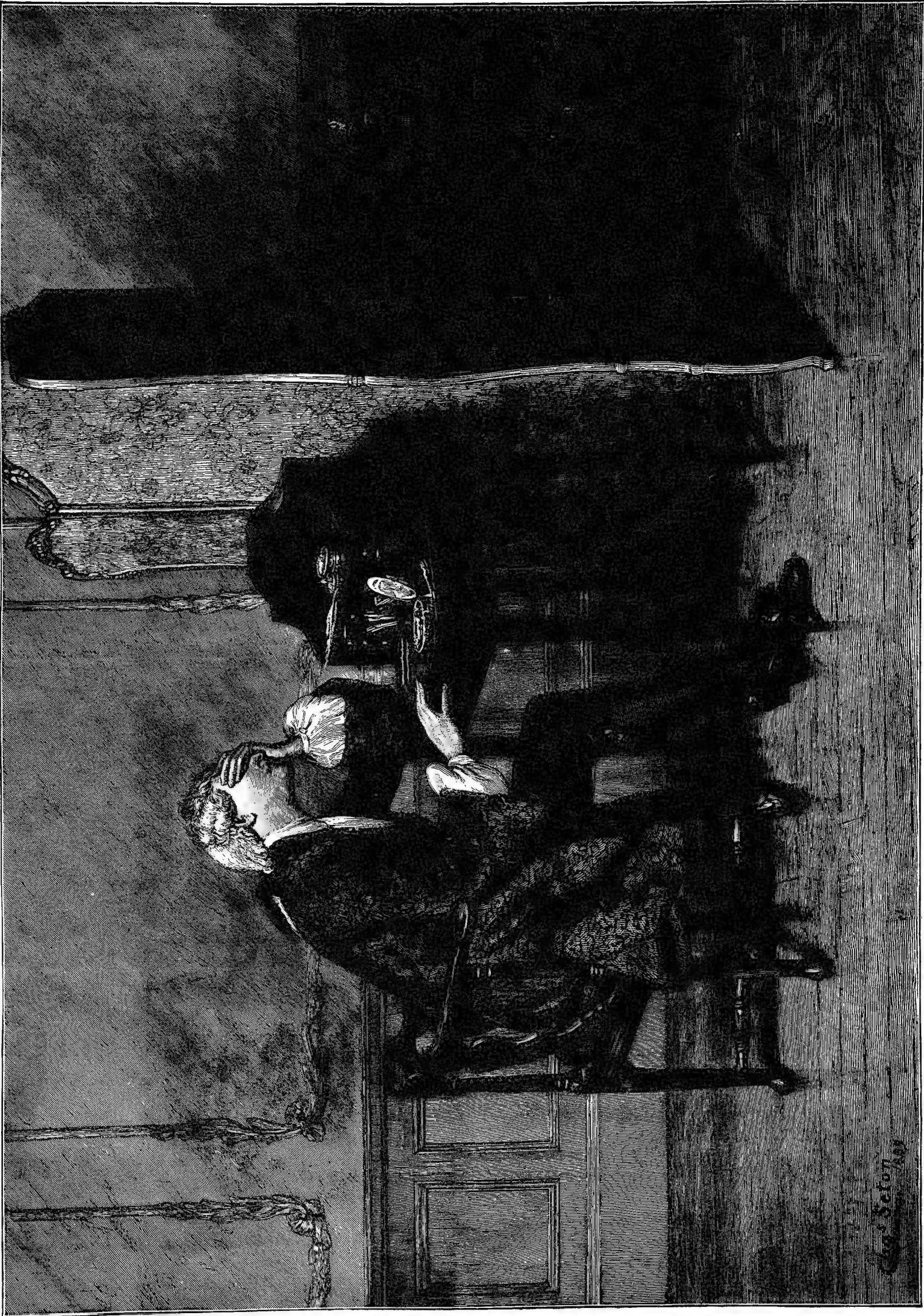
"Lady Gwendolyn," said Captain Lamarque, "you know my—you know Mr. Humphrey, do you not? He tells me he has cast you for the part of Angelica in the little play in which you condescended to say you would take a part at my house. You will allow me to say that nothing could be more appropriate. (A bow.) And I have nothing to say against Mrs. Wendry as Lady Belinda—quite the contrary. But Gerald has made a mistake, undoubtedly. He has cast me for the 'Ancient Servitor,' a part absolutely unsuited to me. Now the character of Arthur Danvers suits me down to the ground—might have been written expressly with a view to my acting. It is, in fact, precisely the rôle which I have been accustomed to take; and you will not believe it—you positively will not credit it—when I tell you that the only words given to the 'Ancient Servitor,' so far as I can discover, are 'No, my lady; anchovy toast.' 'Anchovy toast!' Gerald must certainly have been dreaming when he assigned me such a part! But Danvers has some really fine speeches—extremely passionate. I should much enjoy acting it to your Angelica."

Horrors! Arthur Danvers is my stage-lover! The dreadful old man! But I thought I would get some one else to argue with him, so I only said, "Who has Mr. Humphrey given the part to, then?"

"He has not thought it necessary to tell me," replied Captain Lamarque; "and I very shrewdly suspect that he is reserving it for himself. A cold-blooded cynic, whom it is absolutely impossible to imagine, under any circumstances, as an impassioned lover. I know that young Lakes has accepted the part of Tom Manners, in love with Lady Belinda."

I was rather surprised at Mr. Humphrey giving up that part; but he never does anything you expect him to do. My part came the next morning; but I find it rather difficult to study it, as I am busier than ever. I have been to lots of private views; but I can't tell you much about the pictures or exhibitions, because one doesn't go for that. I am to be presented in May. Mamma would not go to either of the early Drawing-Rooms, because she was afraid of catching cold. And now, good-bye. I'll tell you some more about the theatricals next time.

M. A. B.



"ONLY A RELIC DIMM'D WITH TEARS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES C. SETON, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

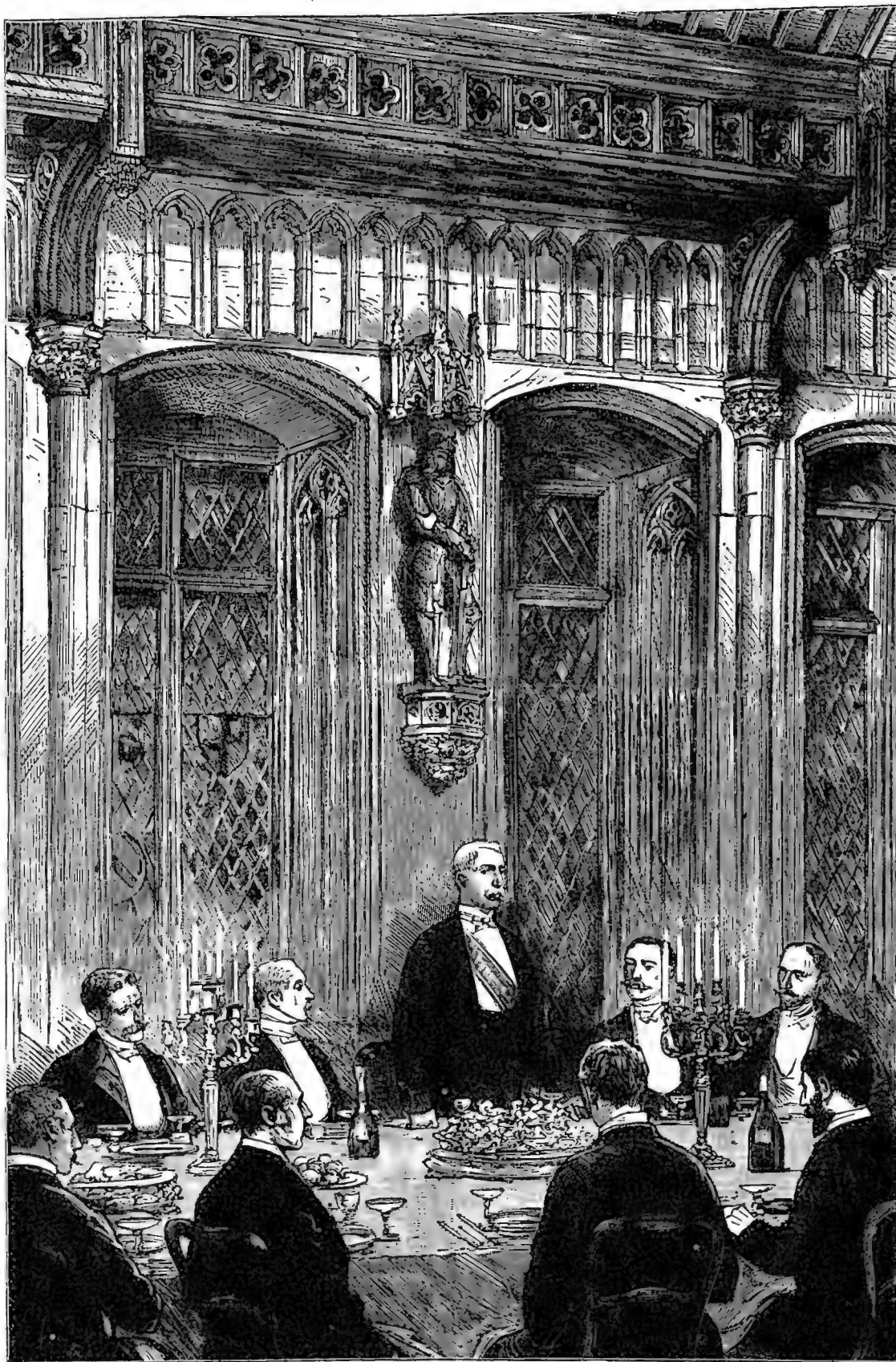
THE exhibition opened this week at the gallery in the Pall Mall East, though very much smaller than usual, contains a fair amount of interesting matter. Several of the most accomplished figure painters belonging to the Society, having been engaged on oil pictures, exhibit nothing; but the landscapes and sea views, of which the collection mainly consists, are quite up to the level of recent years, and among them are a few of rare excellence. The only contribution of Mr. A. W. Hunt, representing "Windsor Castle" by subdued evening light, for instance, is an admirable piece of work. It is full of the most delicate gradations of beautiful colour, and, though of very small size, is large in style and spacious in effect. Mr. Matthew Hale is also seen to great advantage in a full-toned and impressive drawing of "A Sandy Cove," with the fragment of a wreck embedded in the sand and a wide expanse of calm sea under a cloudy moonlight sky. Strikingly in contrast to this work, with its pervading air of solemn stillness, is Mr. H. Moore's brilliant study of moving sky and stormy sea, "Off the Cornish Coast," which hangs beside it. Of many excellent drawings by Mr. Albert Goodwin, the very small views of "Canterbury" and "Durham" strike us as the best. Although it has not the breadth and subtle quality of tone that distinguish these, his "Zermatt" is a faithful and thoroughly artistic transcript of nature. Mr. Goodwin also sends a small, imaginative picture, "Sinbad's Sixth Voyage," like many others of the kind that he has produced, showing a great deal of poetic fancy, and elaborate completeness of workmanship. Mr. E. F. Brewtnall's "Valley of the Shadow of Death" is forcibly painted, and not without a certain impressive grandeur, but the small figures are somewhat theatrical, and not in good keeping with the landscape.

Sir John Gilbert's romantic forest scene, with medieval warriors and gipsies picturesquely grouped together, though rather loosely painted, has a rich harmony of low-toned colour, the breadth and unity of effect, seldom absent from his works of the kind. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Rush Cutters," showing a barge crowded with young men and maidens being towed along a sluggish river, is very similar in subject and treatment to a picture that he exhibited here last year, and almost as good. The figures do not belong to real life; they are over-refined, and unnaturally neat and clean, but the composition is admirably harmonious, and the flush of rosy light from the setting sun well rendered. We have seen nothing by Mr. J. H. Henshall so good as the half-length portrait occupying the central place at the end of the gallery, entitled "Sweet Violets." The attitude of the lady, with her hands clasped on the back of the chair on which she is lounging, is graceful and spontaneous, and her fair face overshadowed by a straw hat is life-like in expression and admirably drawn and modelled. Mr. H. S. Marks' perception of character and quaint sense of humour are well shown in a highly-finished little picture of an old *connoisseur* seated in his library and examining a small vellum-bound volume, with complacent satisfaction, entitled "A Rare Edition." Mr. S. J. Hodson, who has just lately been elected a full Member of the Society, is seen quite at his best in his small drawings of "The Scaliger Mint, Verona," and "Cobbler's Stall Under the Loggia, Sienna." Both are very artistic and apparently faithful renderings of singularly picturesque subjects. His larger, "A May Afternoon on the Piazza delle Erbe," while equally true to local fact, is not quite so delicate in its quality of colour as either of these, or so harmonious in general effect. The drawings by Mr. R. W. Allan, of which there are many in the Collection, are of strangely unequal merit. Some of them, including the largest, "Vintage in Medoc," are over-black in the shadows, loosely handled, and spotty in effect. His small view of a picturesque harbour, with well-introduced figures, is an especial sinner in this respect. "Landing Hay," on the other hand, is full of atmosphere and daylight, delicately modulated in tone, and in excellent keeping. The same good qualities are to be seen in Mr. E. A. Waterlow's very small "Northern Harbour" and in Mr. Thorne Waite's "Shoreham Valley."

ANTIQUITY-HUNTERS have a rare opportunity before them. The contents of the Royal Burg Museum at Nuremberg are to be sold by auction—all the treasures gathered together by the Royal inmates of the Castle since it was built, 850 years ago, by the Emperor Conrad II., including arms and armour, china, pictures, old furniture, *bric-à-brac*, national relics, and the like. King Max of Bavaria gave the Burg and its collection to the city, but Nurembergers of the present day evidently do not consider the property worth its keep.

MR. STANLEY AT BRUSSELS

A MAGNIFICENT banquet was given to Mr. Stanley on Sunday last by M. Buis, the Burgomaster of Brussels, in the Hôtel de Ville. M. Buis courteously sent an invitation to the Special Artist of *The Graphic*—an honour which, we may remark, was not accorded to the representative of any other journal—and consequently we are enabled to give an illustration of the scene. Dinner was served in the superb Gothic Hall of the Hôtel de Ville, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Covers were laid for sixty. Mr. Stanley, who wore the sash of the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, accompanied by Dr. Parke, Captain Nelson, and Mr. Jephson, arrived punctually at seven o'clock. When dinner was over and the health of the King had been drunk, M. Buis proposed Mr. Stanley's health in eulogistic terms, comparing the explorer to Columbus. Mr. Stanley, replying in English, thanked the Burgomaster for his kindness and hospitality. Thirteen years ago, he



THE EXPLORER SPEAKING AT THE BANQUET GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR BY THE BURGOMASTER AT THE TOWN HALL
MR. STANLEY AT BRUSSELS

added, he had called attention to the wonderful nature of the Congo, and the unbounded fertility and resources of the country as yet undeveloped. A hint was enough to a wise man; and the wise people were the Belgians, and the wise King was Leopold II.

THE CANINE SENTINELS now being trained in Northern France learn their duties quickly. Two soldiers start off leading a dog by his collar, and when a mile from the starting point one of the men turns back. In a short time the dog is let loose, and he immediately tracks the other soldier back to the post, rarely failing. Dogs will scent an enemy at a distance of 100 yards, growling and sniffing to attract the soldiers' attention. In scouting they are even more useful, for they search fields and thickets indefatigably—the lessons—and on finding an enemy at once run back to their keepers, showing every sign of agitation. It is a very comical sight to see the dogs at drill, when the vagrant curs of the neighbourhood generally collect near to watch the proceedings.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH has arranged to preside at the Mansion House on Monday at the annual meeting of "The Missions to Seamen," of which he has long been the Patron. He will be supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor.

AT THE OPENING MEETING OF THE LONDON DIOCESAN CONFERENCE, on Tuesday, presided over by the Bishop, a large majority rejected a resolution moved by the Rev. Teignmouth

Shore in favour of the Bill drafted by the Convocation of Canterbury, which provides that, when the Houses of Convocation have passed any measure affecting rubrics or directions in the Book of Common Prayer, such measure shall have legal force if, after it has been approved by the Queen in Council, and laid on the table of both Houses of Parliament for a definite time, no address shall have been presented on the subject by Parliament to the Crown. Thus the scheme matured by "Churchmen in Council" has not, so far, been favourably received.

THE SUPPORTERS OF THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD'S FUND held their annual meeting at the Mansion House on Monday, when the first decade of the existence of the Fund was completed. In the absence of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Savory took the chair. It was stated that 226 Home Missions were wholly or partly supported by the Fund, and that an increase of at least 20,000*l.* was needed for 1890. Speeches in support of the Fund were made by the Bishops of Bedford, London, and Rochester; and on the Housing of the Poor by Earl Compton, Chairman of the London County Council Committee, which deals with that subject.

THE MEMORIAL ANGLICAN CHURCH at Constantinople, erected in 1869 as a monument to those of our countrymen who fell in the Crimean War was not endowed, so that no fund exists for keeping it in order and repair. To raise a fund of 10,000*l.* for its endowment, was the object of a largely and influentially attended meeting held this week, at which the Dukes of Edinburgh and Westminister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, were among the speakers. Resolutions appropriate to the object of the meeting were adopted, and a committee to carry it out was appointed.

AT THE RECENT ANNUAL DINNER of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation, Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was in the chair, said that there were 4,000 clergymen whose benefices were valued at 200*l.*, and 5,000 curates with incomes under 120*l.* a year. Subscriptions to the amount of 950*l.* were announced during the evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The new Bishop of Durham will be consecrated in Westminster Abbey on Thursday, May 1st, at 10.30 A.M. The whole of the North Transept will be open to the public.—Archdeacon Farrar has been appointed Lady Margaret Preacher in Cambridge University.—A telegram from the Duke of Norfolk was received on Monday announcing that the English Roman Catholic pilgrims had arrived safely at Jerusalem.—The Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow, is to preach on "The Literature of the People" at St. Michael's, Chester Square, on Sunday evening, May 4th.—A window, in memory of the late Dean Burgoon, has been erected in the Lady Chapel of

Chichester Cathedral.—The report presented at the annual meeting of the Sunday Society states that the public museums, art galleries, and libraries, opened on Sundays previously to last year continue to be so opened, and that the list had recently been added to, notably in the cases of the cities of Oxford and Norwich.

PICTURE-WEDDINGS are the latest idea in New York, the style of costume and grouping being taken from some popular work. Thus one bride arranged her bridesmaids as feminine representations of Sir John Millais' "Bubbles."

THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY left behind her numerous musical compositions. In early life she composed a good deal, particularly ballet and dance music, and many of her writings were introduced into the operas and ballets of the period. When she came to the throne, however, the Royal composer withdrew all her productions, considering their circulation undignified. One Quick March by the Empress still remains in use in the Prussian Army.

TO THE RIFLE-SHOOTERS OF
ENGLAND.—Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, is preparing to celebrate, during the days from the 6th to the 13th of July, A.C. the X SHOOTING MATCH OF THE GERMAN RIFLE SHOOTERS' UNION (X. deutsche Bundesch.). Our brave fellow-shooters in England are hereby invited to participate in this national festival, which is intended to revitalize and strengthen the bonds of faithful alliance existing between the kindred people of England and Germany.

Competing peacefully and without envy for the honours, prizes, and medals shall meet filled with the proud and joyous knowledge of being the sons of the great and powerful Teutonic family, whose members, clear in their aims and well versed in arms, are using their strength for securing the blessings of peace to themselves and to the world.

The Capital of the Empire will receive the guests with pleasure; a hearty welcome is awaiting them, and everything that is in its highly developed life is able to offer shall be kept at the disposal of our brave English fellow-shots.

Once more we invite the English rifle-shooters to prepare for the joyous excursion to the Capital of the German Empire, which calls out to them—Welcome, brave English rifle-shooters, to Berlin.

The Central Committee of the X Festival of the Rifle Shooters of United Germany.

The Honorary Chairman:
Dr. Von FORCKENBECK,
Chief Burgomaster of Berlin.
The Chairman of the Committee:
C. DIERSCH, Town Delegate.

SPA KISSINGEN, Bavaria.—Station of the Bavarian Railway. Season from May 1 until September 30. Most delightful station, air bracing and pure; beautiful woods, with extensive walks, riding, and driving. Comfortable hotels, restaurants, and private boarding-houses. Bathing establishments, on a grand scale, on the Royal Saline, the Royal Kurhaus, and the Aktienbad (the latter is open from April 15 to October 20). Most efficient mineral waters, such as Ruckholz, Pandur, Max, and others, with chalybeate, cool-gas steam, and moor baths; graduation house, pneumatic treatment, pneumatic room (Glocke), inhalation establishments, with nitrogen inhalation, hydro, and electric therapeutic treatment.

Occasion to use the Terrian Cure, Massage and hygienic gymnastics. Wey cure. Superior orchestra, theatre, conversation saloons, music, playing, reading rooms (the last named in the Aktienbad Casino, open till October 20), large garden and pleasure grounds.

Prospectuses, sent free and post paid, on application to the
ROYAL BADKOMMISSARIAT, BAD KISSINGEN.

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL
SANATORIUM, in one of the finest climates in the world for pulmonary complaints, 2,500 feet above sea-level. Air dry and exhilarating. 235 days of sunshine per annum. English Church, 23 days of fair-weather voyage in splendidly appointed steamers. Circular from CHARLES W. JONES, Esq., 39, Drury Buildings, Liverpool, or ARTHUR E. JONES, Esq., The Sanatorium, S. Paulo, Brazil.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF
BATH. Daily yield, 507,600 gallons. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage, and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Band daily in the Pump Room. Address Manager or every information.

PUBLIC SALE OF OBJECTS OF
ART AT FRANKFORT-ON-MAINE, under direction of the undersigned, is to take place the 7th May, s.c., in the auditorium of the Polytechnical Society, Neue Mainzerstrasse, No. 49, at Frankfort-on-Maine, the auction of the celebrated collection of hand-drawings of ancient masters, possessed formerly by Mr. William Mitchell, in London.

It contains, amongst others, 22 precious cartoons of Albrecht Dürer, well-known by the reproductions in the Lippmann's "Dürer-masterpieces," also pieces of Raphael, van Eyck, Baldung Grien, Botticelli, Cuyt, Claude Lorrain, Guardi, Holbein, Manuel Deutsch, Ostade, Schongauer, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Andrea del Sarto, Seignior, Perugino, Peter Viecher, &c., all of the highest artistic value and excellent preservation. Catalogues to be had from F. A. C. PRESTEL, Dealer in Works of Art, Frankfort-on-Maine.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.
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JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS,
No. 18, Wigmore Street, W.—Lists free.

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25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15 per cent. (second hand, 10 per cent.) on the three years hire system.—Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 42, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

PIANOS FOR HIRE, 10s. per month.
Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The most economical and judicious mode of obtaining a really good pianoforte is to hire one (with the option of purchasing it if approved) of the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

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ORGANS. Absolute Sale. Fifty per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 0, 14 gs. Class 1, 17 gs. Class 2, 20 gs. Class 3, 23 gs. Class 4, 26 gs. Class 5, 29 gs. Class 6, 32 gs. Class 7, 35 gs. Class 8, 38 gs. Class 9, 41 gs. Class 10, 44 gs. Class 11, 47 gs. Class 12, 50 gs. Class 13, 53 gs. Class 14, 56 gs. Class 15, 59 gs. Class 16, 62 gs. Class 17, 65 gs. Class 18, 68 gs. Class 19, 71 gs. Class 20, 74 gs. Class 21, 77 gs. Class 22, 80 gs. Class 23, 83 gs. Class 24, 86 gs. Class 25, 89 gs. Class 26, 92 gs. Class 27, 95 gs. Class 28, 98 gs. Class 29, 101 gs. Class 30, 104 gs. Class 31, 107 gs. Class 32, 110 gs. Class 33, 113 gs. Class 34, 116 gs. Class 35, 119 gs. Class 36, 122 gs. Class 37, 125 gs. Class 38, 128 gs. Class 39, 131 gs. Class 40, 134 gs. Class 41, 137 gs. Class 42, 140 gs. Class 43, 143 gs. Class 44, 146 gs. Class 45, 149 gs. Class 46, 152 gs. Class 47, 155 gs. Class 48, 158 gs. Class 49, 161 gs. Class 50, 164 gs. Class 51, 167 gs. Class 52, 170 gs. Class 53, 173 gs. Class 54, 176 gs. Class 55, 179 gs. Class 56, 182 gs. 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Class 111, 347 gs. Class 112, 350 gs. Class 113, 353 gs. Class 114, 356 gs. Class 115, 359 gs. Class 116, 362 gs. Class 117, 365 gs. Class 118, 368 gs. Class 119, 371 gs. Class 120, 374 gs. Class 121, 377 gs. Class 122, 380 gs. Class 123, 383 gs. Class 124, 386 gs. Class 125, 389 gs. Class 126, 392 gs. Class 127, 395 gs. Class 128, 398 gs. Class 129, 401 gs. Class 130, 404 gs. Class 131, 407 gs. Class 132, 410 gs. Class 133, 413 gs. Class 134, 416 gs. Class 135, 419 gs. Class 136, 422 gs. Class 137, 425 gs. Class 138, 428 gs. Class 139, 431 gs. Class 140, 434 gs. Class 141, 437 gs. Class 142, 440 gs. Class 143, 443 gs. Class 144, 446 gs. Class 145, 449 gs. Class 146, 452 gs. Class 147, 455 gs. Class 148, 458 gs. Class 149, 461 gs. Class 150, 464 gs. Class 151, 467 gs. Class 152, 470 gs. Class 153, 473 gs. Class 154, 476 gs. Class 155, 479 gs. Class 156, 482 gs. Class 157, 485 gs. Class 158, 488 gs. Class 159, 491 gs. Class 160, 494 gs. Class 161, 497 gs. Class 162, 500 gs. Class 163, 503 gs. Class 164, 506 gs. Class 165, 509 gs. Class 166, 512 gs. Class 167, 515 gs. Class 168, 518 gs. Class 169, 521 gs. Class 170, 524 gs. Class 171, 527 gs. Class 172, 530 gs. Class 173, 533 gs. Class 174, 536 gs. Class 175, 539 gs. Class 176, 542 gs. Class 177, 545 gs. Class 178, 548 gs. Class 179, 551 gs. Class 180, 554 gs. Class 181, 557 gs. Class 182, 560 gs. Class 183, 563 gs. Class 184, 566 gs. Class 185, 569 gs. Class 186, 572 gs. Class 187, 575 gs. Class 188, 578 gs. Class 189, 581 gs. Class 190, 584 gs. Class 191, 587 gs. Class 192, 590 gs. Class 193, 593 gs. Class 194, 596 gs. Class 195, 599 gs. Class 196, 602 gs. Class 197, 605 gs. Class 198, 608 gs. Class 199, 611 gs. Class 200, 614 gs. Class 201, 617 gs. Class 202, 620 gs. Class 203, 623 gs. Class 204, 626 gs. Class 205, 629 gs. Class 206, 632 gs. Class 207, 635 gs. Class 208, 638 gs. Class 209, 641 gs. Class 210, 644 gs. Class 211, 647 gs. Class 212, 650 gs. Class 213, 653 gs. Class 214, 656 gs. 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Class 267, 815 gs. Class 268, 818 gs. Class 269, 821 gs. Class 270, 824 gs. Class 271, 827 gs. Class 272, 830 gs. Class 273, 833 gs. Class 274, 836 gs. Class 275, 839 gs. Class 276, 842 gs. Class 277, 845 gs. Class 278, 848 gs. Class 279, 851 gs. Class 280, 854 gs. Class 281, 857 gs. Class 282, 860 gs. Class 283, 863 gs. Class 284, 866 gs. Class 285, 869 gs. Class 286, 872 gs. Class 287, 875 gs. Class 288, 878 gs. Class 289, 881 gs. Class 290, 884 gs. Class 291, 887 gs. Class 292, 890 gs. Class 293, 893 gs. Class 294, 896 gs. Class 295, 899 gs. Class 296, 902 gs. Class 297, 905 gs. Class 298, 908 gs. Class 299, 911 gs. Class 300, 914 gs. Class 301, 917 gs. Class 302, 920 gs. Class 303, 923 gs. Class 304, 926 gs. Class 305, 929 gs. Class 306, 932 gs. Class 307, 935 gs. Class 308, 938 gs. Class 309, 941 gs. Class 310, 944 gs. Class 311, 947 gs. Class 312, 950 gs. Class 313, 953 gs. Class 314, 956 gs. Class 315, 959 gs. Class 316, 962 gs. Class 317, 965 gs. Class 318, 968 gs. 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IN "The Heriots," by Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham, K.C.I.E. (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), the author of "Chronicles of Dustypore" has written a story of delightful freshness and exceptional brilliancy. It is, as the name imports, a family history; but, though all the exceedingly various members of the Heriot family are worthy of portraiture, the interest properly centres round one of them, who is the worthiest of it among them all. Olivia Heriot is the most womanly of women, assailed by temptations which no woman could be fairly expected to resist. One is an apparently ideal marriage of affection with a man who, already distinguished while in the first flush of youth, can bring her, besides passionate love, a devotion that would sacrifice one of the greatest fortunes in Europe for her sake, and who is intellectually brilliant enough, and handsome enough as well, to dazzle women of more experience than Olivia. Another is her own charm, which would make her a queen of society—indeed, does make her so—on her own merits alone. To gain all these good things, and with universal congratulation and approval, she has only to be false to her own real womanhood; and how she found the really heroic courage, not for love's sake, but solely for truth's sake, to withstand temptations to take what was apparently the only wise, right, and sane course, and how she was rewarded, constitute the serious interest of the novel. The author displays the rare talent in dramatising types of character—that is to say, most people will recognise his *dramatis personæ* as more or less personally well known to themselves, while each has the marked individuality of real men and women, which distinguishes them from their types, and, as in actual life, renders real knowledge a different thing from superficial recognition. Reversals of first impressions become frequent as the story proceeds and the characters develop. The talk is perhaps a trifle too clever for most of the people described; but that is so unusual a fault that it may be almost classed as a merit, if only for the sake of its rarity. In short, "The Heriots" can be shortly described as a work in which wit is enlisted on the side of good sense and of wholesome contempt for the worldliness to which the author does all the justice that its most inveterate practitioners could desire.

We recently had occasion to notice a novel which, as dealing with Art, and also with love, was called "The Art of Love." On a similar principle, the new novel of "Nomad," inasmuch as it has to do with a railway, and also with a foundling, is entitled "The Railway Foundling" (3 vols.: Trischler and Co.). There is certainly no other connection between the foundling and the railway. The eccentricity of the title, however, does not affect the interest of the story, which ought to satisfy the most insatiable of appetites for tales of true lovers. No fewer than six pairs of sweethearts become happily married: and this without injury to the special and distinctive interest of the work, in so far as it treats of that too much

neglected region of fact (not fiction)—the life of those who make railways, as distinguished from that of those who merely use them. The "navvy," in particular, and almost as much so the railway contractor and the railway engineer, has hitherto received scant recognition, and still scantier justice. "Nomad" aspires to remedy this grievance, and with a success which evinces not only special knowledge, but special skill in utilising it. We doubt if the most thorough-going disciple of Ruskin would not feel humanly touched by the "navvy" as portrayed by "Nomad," or even by the con- by the "navvy" as portrayed by "Nomad," or even by the con- by the "navvy" as portrayed by "Nomad," or even by the con-

"The Memory of the Knight Templars seemed to brood over the spot, undisturbed by modern innovation or change." What has the memory of the "Knight Templars" to do with Malta—the "spot" where Virginia W. Johnson lays the scene of "The Treasure Tower: a Story of Malta" (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin)? As little, we should have thought, as the Knights of Saint John had to do with Tierra del Fuego. Virginia W. Johnson is, however, better up in Maltese topography than in Maltese history; and there is considerable ingenuity in her evolution of a romance from so prosaic a proceeding as the calling in of Sicilian dollars. As a love story, "The Treasure Tower" leaves nothing to be desired in the way of ardour and passion by those who prefer such things to have an old-fashioned flavour of knight errantry in preference to the mild flirtation of the lawn-tennis school. We do not believe that the married life of Lieutenant Curzon, R.N., and Dolores turned out happily—we think he would have done better to marry Miss Smythe; but their courtship was certainly delightful, and there is no need to look further.

George Gissing, also, has been more fortunate in the local colour than in the evolution of the story of "The Emancipated" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). The colour in question is, to some extent at least, that of South Italy, and is very good indeed. The purport of his story seems to be to prove that when a woman gets what she wants in life she is happy, and when she does not she is not happy; which, if it be true of a woman (which is certainly doubtful) should be equally true of a man. His miserably weak hero is only too real; and, as all the characters, male and female, are about equally odious in one way or another, the novel is, to say the least, lacking in sympathy. Their talk is good, however; and the work may be shortly described as a decidedly stupid story very cleverly told.

"The Lawton Girl," by Harold Frederic (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), is a genuine American novel—that is to say, one not produced with one eye to European critics, but purely and solidly for home consumption. It is absolutely devoid of "Culture," and is—were we very nearly saying "therefore"—really interesting as a picture of American life not taken on the pose. We wish there were many more such novels as "The Lawton Girl" in point of sincerity and of thoroughness of workmanship. The story is sad in the main, but is redeemed by plenty of characteristic humour—

by which we mean real humour, such as Americans can produce as well as other people when they will condescend to be natural. "The Lawton Girl" is by no means a great work, but it is exceptionally interesting, not only because of its many merits, but as a contribution of value to really American fiction, and not sham European. And the genuine article is rare.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

LOVERS of melodious verse will not regret the appearance of a new volume of poems by Mr. Gerard Bendall, the author of "Estelle" and "Olaf Ejegod." It is entitled "Ivy and Passion Flower," and its publisher is Mr. William Heinemann. We have here a collection of brief pastoral and amatory lyrics of the more quiet and meditative order, with now and then a pleasant musical word-picture of Nature as she appears to a gentle and sympathetic observer. The following from a little poem, headed "Effie," may be taken as indicative of the fare provided by Mr. Bendall:—

In among my father's wheat
Sings a bird the morning long;
"Sweet, sweet,
'Tis the simple are the strong."
From the nest where roses blow,
Answers still his gentle mate:
"Low, low,
'Tis the humble are the great."

Mr. James Williams gives "Simple Stories of London" (Adam and Charles Black). As he explains in his preface, the justification of the existence of this book is that it was written at the request of several of his friends, by whom, or before whom, the verses—which do not profess to rise to the level of poetry—were recited. Some of the poems are pathetic, while others are not devoid of a certain broad humour, and their interest in general is enhanced by the fact that they treat of matters of everyday occurrence. We are told of Joel Hoggins, grocer of Straggle-on-the-Wold:—

Bachelor was he, red-headed, but he failed not to beguile
All the servant-maids of Straggle when he donned his grocer's smile.
They admired, but he was scornful, and of duchesses dreamed he,
Reading in Debrett when tired of weighing quarter-pounds of tea.

Thus Mr. Hoggins came to London, and was very much victimised by a spurious Duke and Duchess of Camberwell, going back to Straggle a sadder, but, we are sorry to gather, not much wiser man. Simple themes of this type Mr. Williams handles in a way calculated to afford pleasure to many excellent persons.

We have received from Messrs. Routledge, in a handy pocket-volume, "Longfellow's Latest Poems." Included in the book are, however, many of his juvenile compositions. Under date January 17th, 1882, the poet asks, in a sonnet called "Possibilities," questions not without special pertinence here:—

Where are the Poets, unto whom belong
The Olympian heights, whose singing shafts were sent
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong?
Where are the stately argosies of song,
Whose rushing keels made music as they went
Sailing in search of some new continent,
With all sail set, and steady wings and strong?

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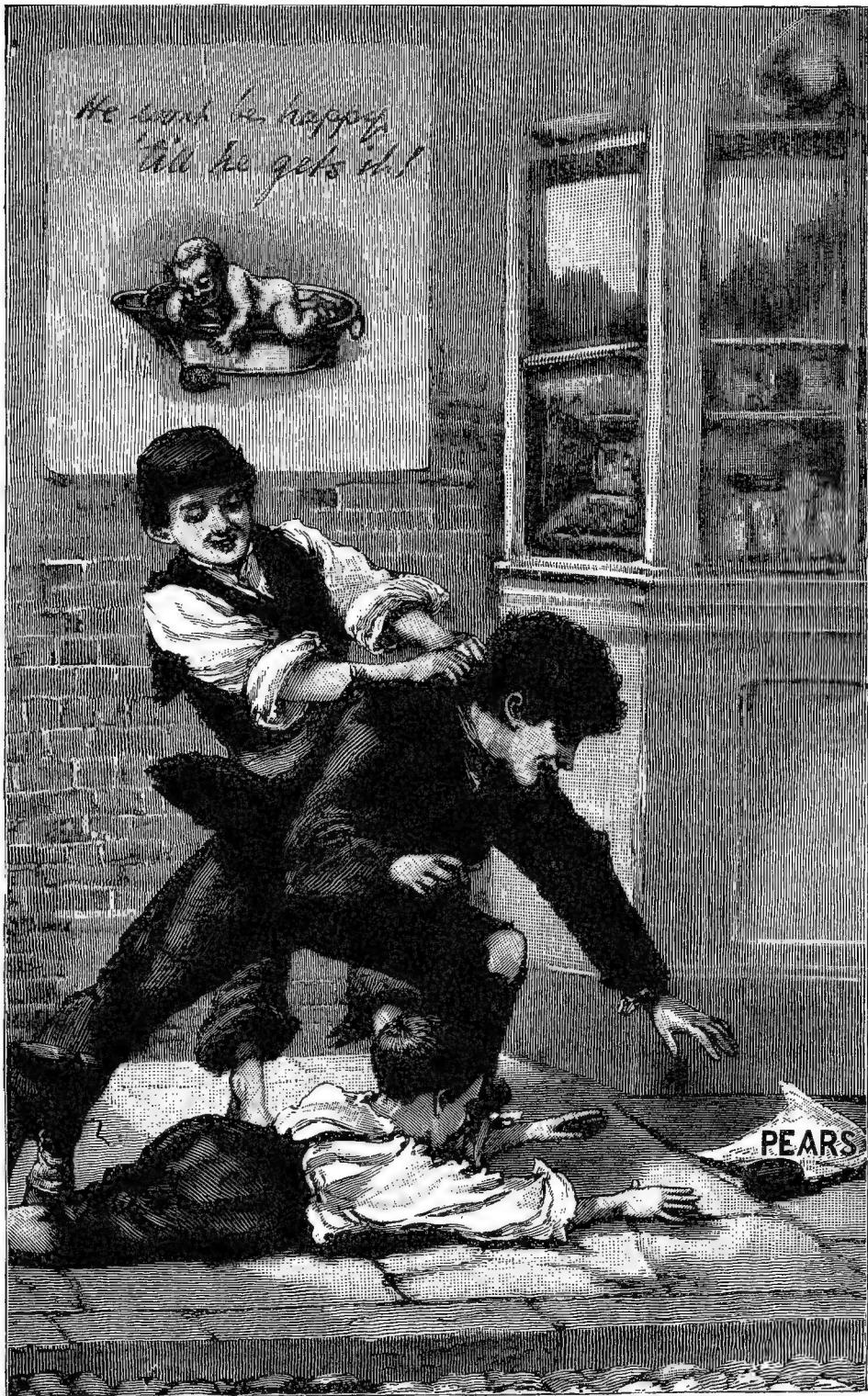
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Mr. J. L. Milton,

Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

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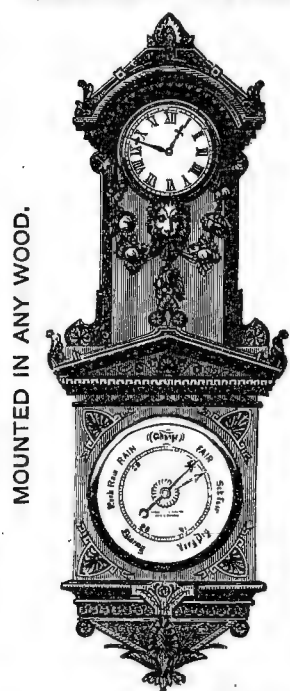
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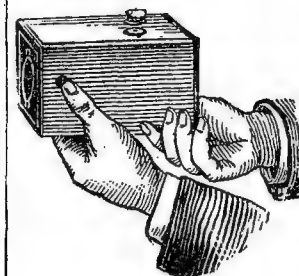
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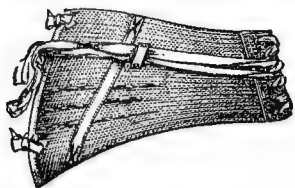
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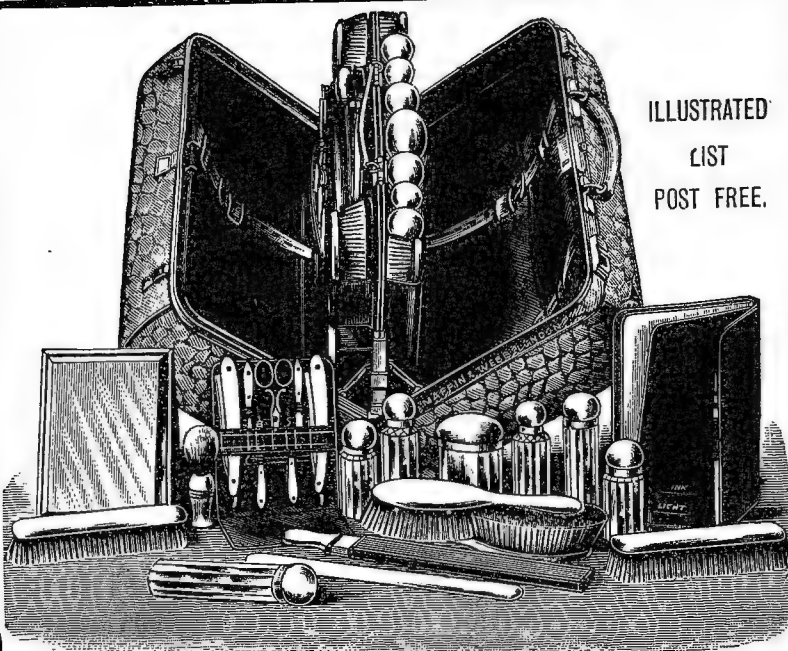
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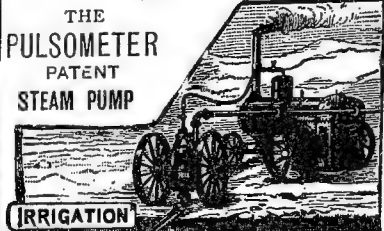


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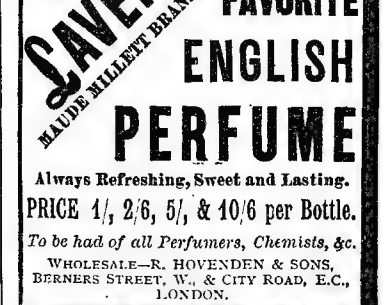
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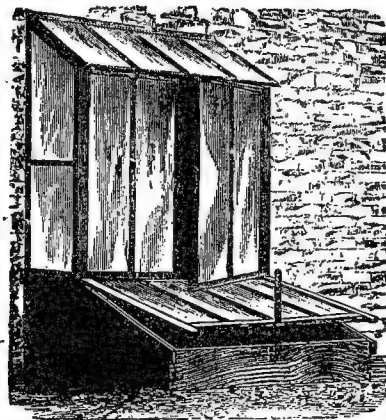
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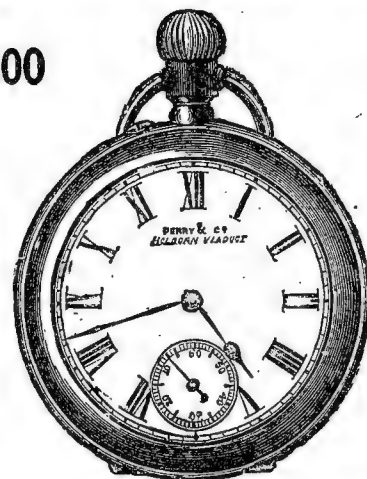
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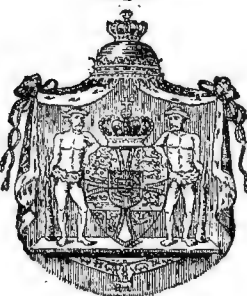
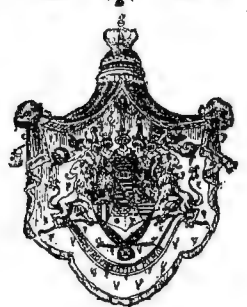
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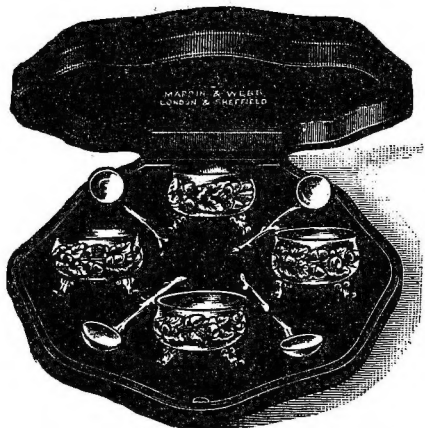
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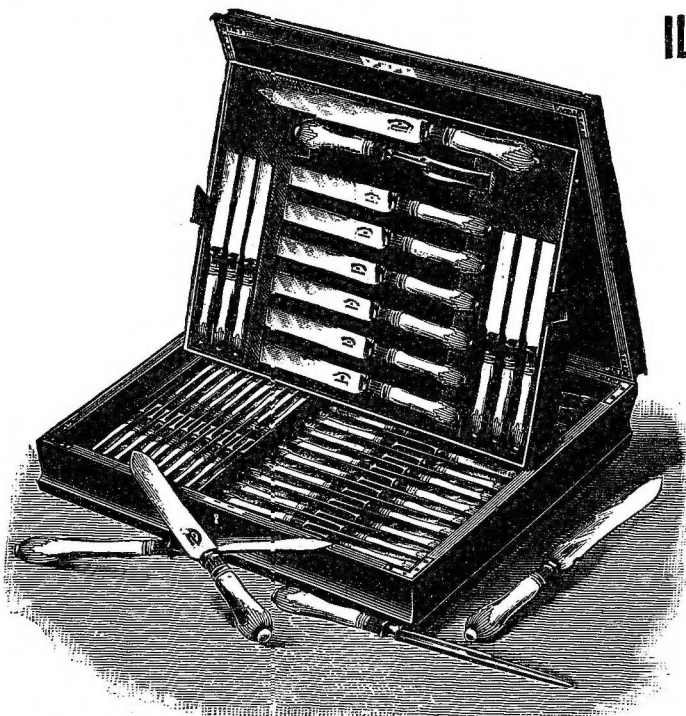
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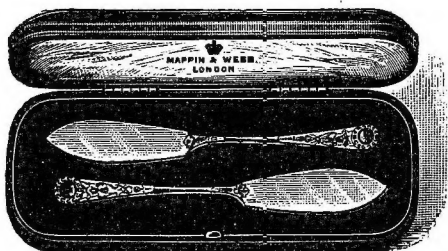


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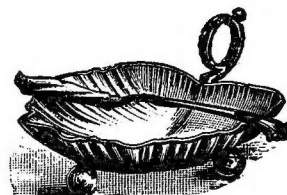
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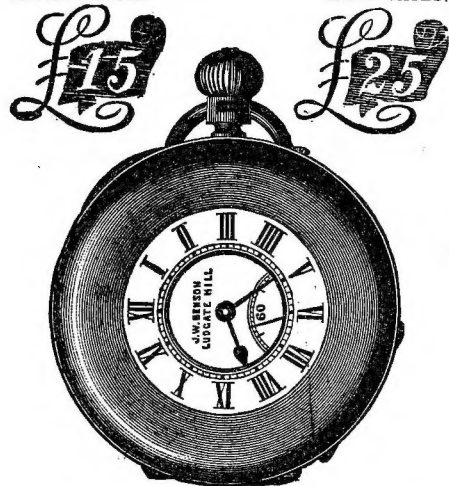
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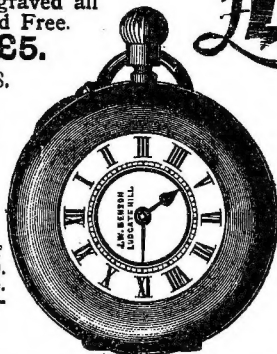
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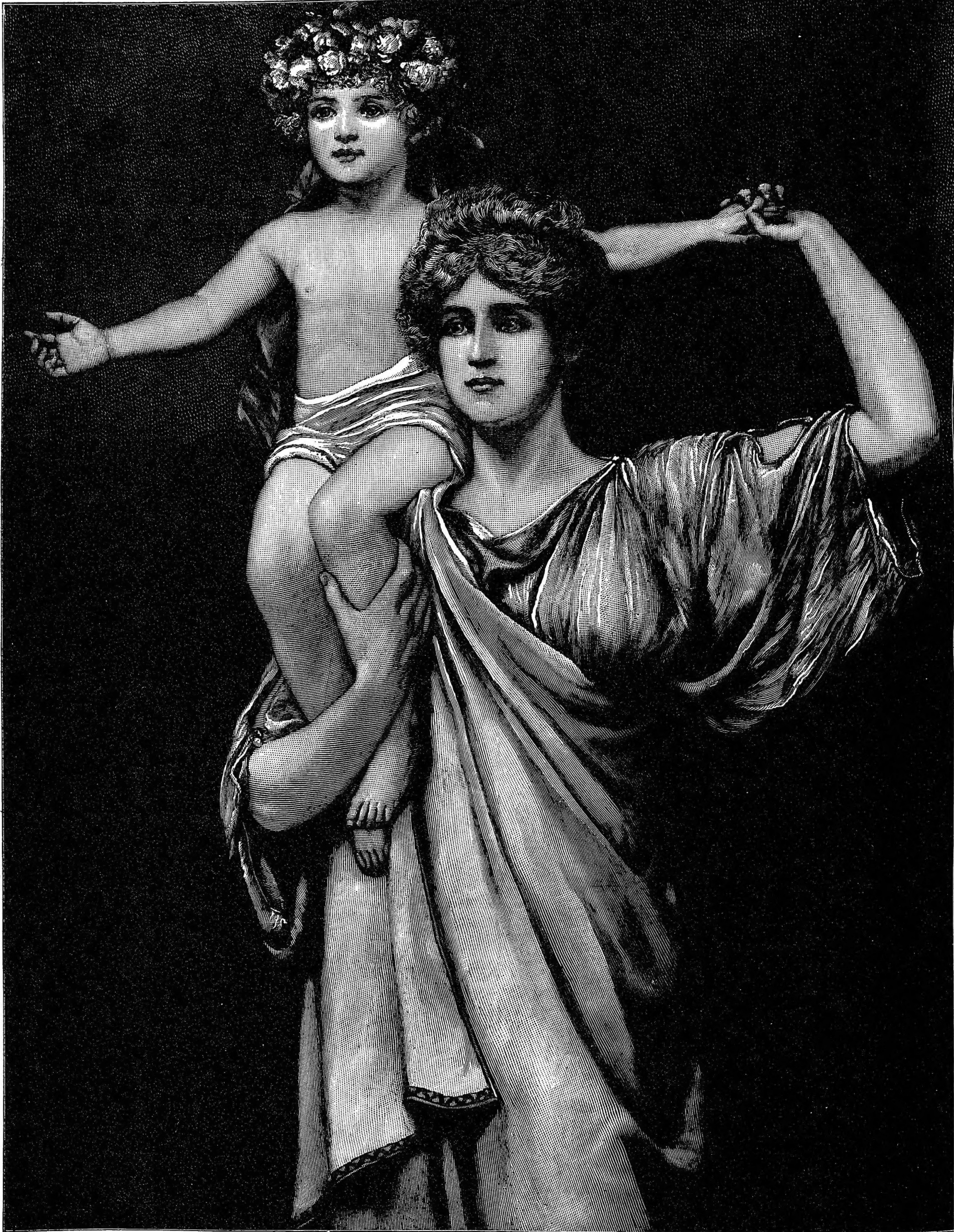
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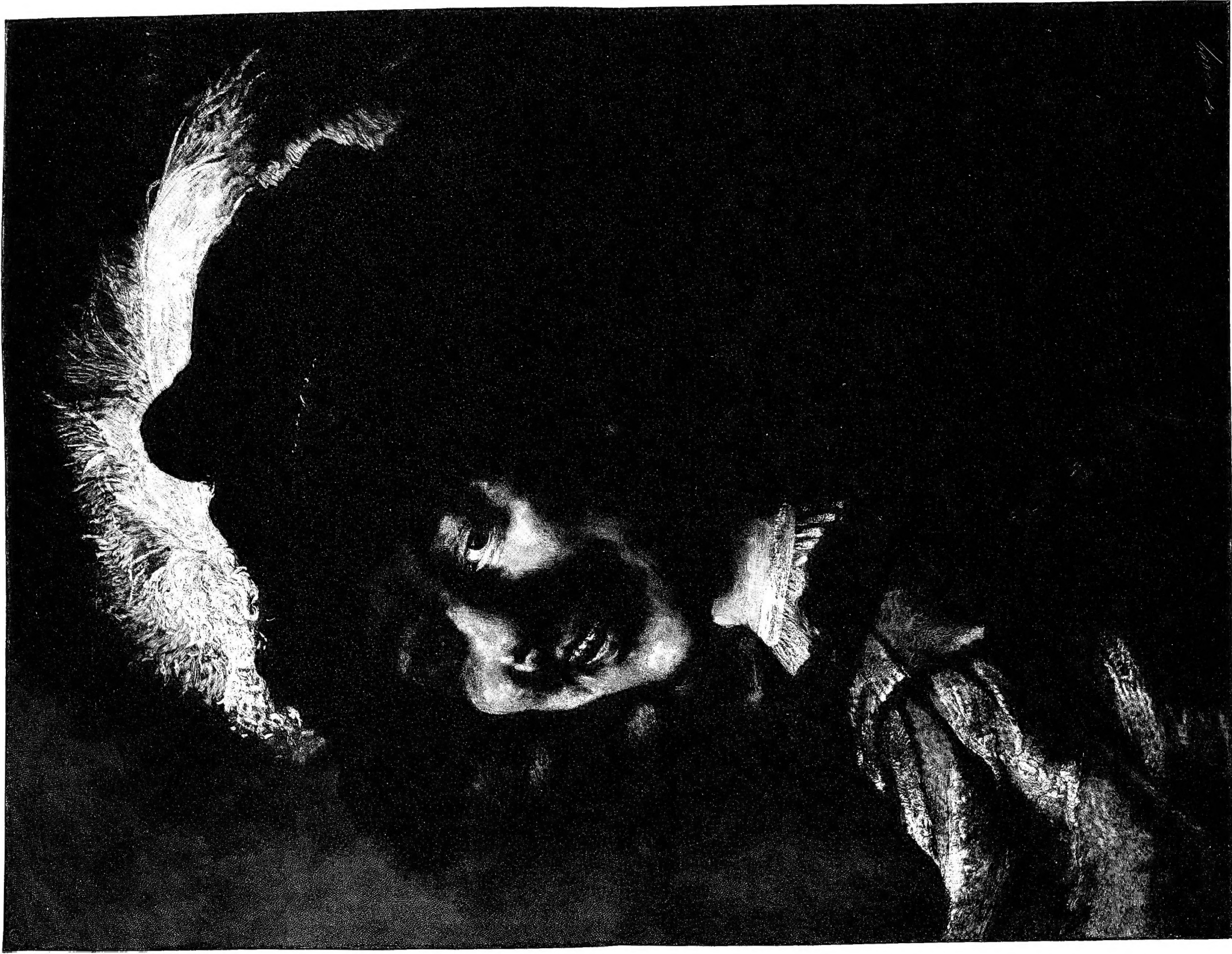
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